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HIGH TIMES

NOVEMBER 1981

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BY ABBIE HOFFMAN

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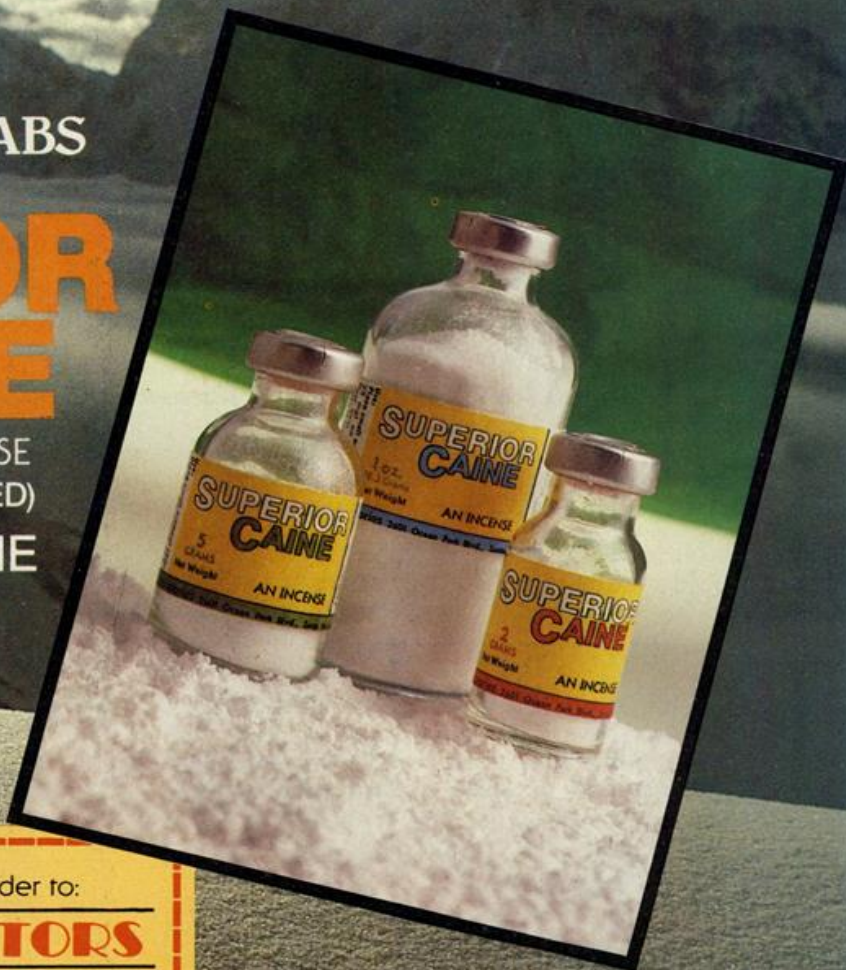
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HIGH TIMES

No. 75 November '81

FEATURES

Interview: Peter Tosh by John Swenson

Peter Tosh invented reggae in 1971. The record-company execs invented Bob Marley a few years after that. Now he's dead and they're stuck with all those records that go chick-a chick-a. Is Tosh willing to pick up the slack?

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Say Cheese by Frank Zappa

The perennial misanthrope of rock 'n' roll opens our eyes: "When there are other options and a whole nation chooses cheese, that is weird"

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Fear and Loathing on the Broadway Beat by Tom Clark

Harry the Horse, Jack the Beefer, Sleepout Sam Levinsky—these are just some of the characters that Damon Runyon created in his lifelong celebration of gamblers, pickpockets, pimps and thieves. Tom Clark recounts the life and times of America's premier storyteller

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What with convicted scumbuckets like Papa John and Mackenzie Phillips being invited on talk shows to cleanse their souls and reduce their sentences, we worried that old friend Abbie may be feeling a bit left out

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Yoco may be just the thing for you java junkies to detox on. One bowl in the morning will leave you feeling awake, energetic and unhungry for hours

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Centerfold: Don't worry, you won't feel a thing

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Grow American Special: Indica, the Weed of Distinction

by Robert Connell Clarke, James Smith and Harlan Ang

"Grow American" investigates the emergence of *Cannabis indica* in the West. Used for centuries in the Moslem nations for the production of hashish, *indica* has West Coast sinse fans toking double

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Cover photo by Constance Hansen

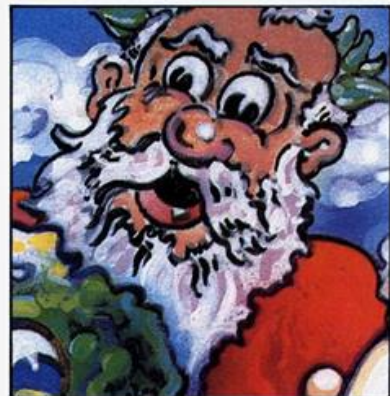


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A short story by Damon Runyon

A man with a blood pressure higher than a cat's back should lead a quiet life. So maybe it isn't a good idea to give a gorilla such as Rusty Charley any argument.

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by Robert Lemmo, B.S., A.S.A.P.

Noah was a dealer, Jesus was a hophead and Moses a 120-year-old Percodan freak. Julius Caesar cracked the whip over 80 percent of the civilized world... but still couldn't get his hands on some primo Lebanese. Oh, and Marco Polo means anal sex in medieval Chinese dialect.

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November 1981 • No. 75 • HIGH TIMES [ISSN #0362-630X] is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation, Andy Kowl, President • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) and changes of address [please include most recent mailing label] to Box 965, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735 • Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue or for change of address • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$21, 24 issues for \$39 • Single copy price: \$2.50 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$27, 24 issues for \$49 • All other countries by surface mail: 12 issues for \$27 • All other countries by airmail: \$49 • Offices at 17 West 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10023 • Controlled circulation postage paid at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Copyright © 1981 by Trans-High Corporation. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner either in whole or in part, without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. "High Times" is a registered trademark. HIGH TIMES and Trans-High Corporation assume no responsibility for any claims or representations contained in this magazine or in any advertisement, nor do they encourage the illegal use of any of the products advertised herein. All **advertising and advertised products void where prohibited.** Postmaster: Please send address changes and form 3579 to HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 965, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

FLASHES



JOHN LURIE OF THE LOUNGE LIZARDS

REPTILE WITHOUT A CAUSE

Over this past year the Lounge Lizards have been one of the most celebrated new groups on the New York club scene. New-wave fans took immediately to the band's carefully manicured 40s style and thought saxophonist-leader John Lurie's witty amalgam of Thelonius Monk, Henry Mancini and a host of bop-era influences was a cute joke fitted well to their outfits. Now Lurie is saddled with a kitsch image that irks him considerably.

"About two weeks after the band started," he says, "somebody asked me what kind of music it was and I said fake jazz. From there you have Robert Palmer writing something for the *Times* about 'The Aesthetic of the Fake,' you know, so now two years later some guy in the *Village Voice* is writing about the same thing."

For Lurie the joke is that he's a popular figure on a new-wave club scene he abhors. "I don't consider myself new wave," he complains, "and would do anything to get as far as possible from that association. The record company desperately wants us to be new wave. I don't even like being lumped together with James Chance. I'm fed up with going to clubs and seeing the same thing over and over. I'm into doing serious composition and this is my vehicle to do it. I'm kind of frustrated because it's not work-

ing out that way. It's not like I have much time to work on music, it's not working out that way. I have to think about fashion, I have to think about packaging and I have to work on business all the time.

Lurie feels he is forced to pander to new-wave tastes in order to survive. "Jazz in New York has had it; there's no place to play anymore unless you want to make sure you don't make any money. Since we've been touring it's not loose; we do the same show over and over again. It's more like show business than I want it to be. But then we play at the Bottom Line and Dewey Redman is opening for us for \$300. I don't see how he can survive on that and I certainly don't want that to be my fate, to be some destroyed jazz musician. I don't wanna make disco records either. Jazz was taken off the streets and put into universities and white people's lofts. There's not much jazz that I like now—I like Steve Lacy a lot, but my basic jazz influences are all before 1965."

One of the images associated with the Lizards is heroin, the drug most evocative of the dusty cinema noire postwar jazz era the band evokes. "It's a weird image," says Lurie, "especially because a couple of the guys in the band do heroin. I always hear people think I'm strung out all the time. When I had hepatitis everyone assumed it was serum hepatitis but it wasn't. There's nothing you can do about it once that kind of thing gets underway. It's also part of the image of the music, so if they want to think that, I don't care. I'm not opposed to heroin as a substance. Certainly a lot of my friends who've gotten into it the last couple of years, I liked them a lot better a couple of years ago. There's nothing wrong with heroin music. Turkish music is great; so's Charlie Parker."

David Armstrong

FLASHES

Man of Steel

Editor:
Regards to Tom (I only steal from the best) Disch for his randy reworking of Franz Kafka's *Metamorphosis* ("The Grown-up," August '81). If you remember, in Kafka's story the protagonist awakes one morning to find he's been changed into a large bug. Now while that particular scenario speaks volumes about modern spiritual starvation and the ineluctable modality of the visible, et cetera, it gives short shrift to those hot sex scenes that turn my pecker to steel. Thanks again.

—Raymond Cooper
Dallas, Tex.

Going Going...

Editor:
Help!! The Louisiana state legislature dilly-dallied for four years and never got around to decriminalizing any amount of pot, but in less than two months they got scared by a handful of senators for Christ and passed a bill that would demand the fundamentalist "creation" story to be taught in classrooms equal time with the theory of evolution!

Help!! They've taken the bongos and roach clips out of the record stores and they're doing a Communist number on the headshops as well!

Help!! There's a new publication at the stands, right next to your publication, and it's called *War on Drugs*. These subhumans want to make it a punishable-by-prison criminal act to possess any amount of marijuana!

Help!! Our noble government (gag) is listening to these various paranoids and

they're apparently liking what the nuts have to say!

Help!! Et alia...

Is this the result of my cramping hand that always let my views be known to my congressmen? Is this what I pay taxes out of my nose for?? I'm moving to Australia as

soon as I can, 'cause this is gettin' like the days of the Inquisition!

—"Already Gone"

New Orleans, La.



What was TV evangeliest Rex Humbard passing to Plasmatic Wendy O. Williams backstage at the "Tomorrow" show recently? We can't say for sure, but just moments after this picture was taken Rex was alleged to have moaned, "Sweet Jesus, I do want to scratch her ovaries," and then ran out of the studio screaming for Bon-Ton potato chips and Orange Shasta.

John Ballisimo/Retna

Slain mother-in-law mistaken for raccoon

VIRGINIA BEACH, VA. (UPI)—A Dallas man told police he mistook his mother-in-law for a large raccoon when he fatally hacked her 17 times with a hatchet in her garage in April, according to testimony at his preliminary hearing yesterday.

Orvall Wyatt Loyd, 33, of Dallas, told police he searched for a raccoon he believed had wandered into the garage overnight. After a fruitless search, Loyd said he went back to bed and returned to the garage in the morning with his wife's mother.

Loyd said in his statement to police that he picked up the hatchet and hit Mrs. Wise once before realizing who she was. Loyd told police, however, that even after he recognized her, he hit her again.



Joe Coleman

Metaphorically Reeking

Editor:
Navigating between the sickening *nostalgie de la boue* of Dean Latimer's attack ("Joint Counterjoint," May '81) and the haughty and decided shrewishness of "R."s response ("Connoisseur," August '81) makes for heavy weather indeed. These two resemble nothing more than a couple of self-inflating blowfish competing to fertilize the same glob of roe. Obviously lacking the sea legs to withstand the rough waters of intellectual discourse, both are fit for nothing more than to dangle their lines from the banks and compare the length of their rhetorical poles. A plague on both their houses.

—Capt. Scott Ricks
Two Cheeks, Ky.

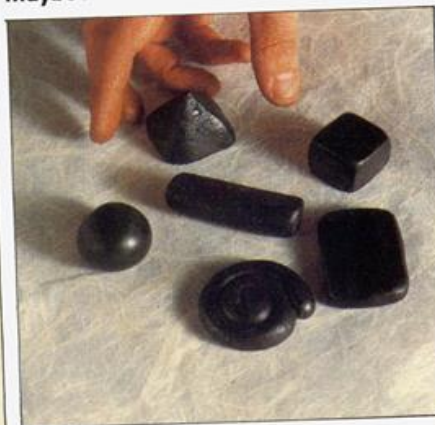
Craven, and Lacking Backbone

Editor:
Regarding your editorial in "Flashes" of August '81 advising readers to boycott Bolivian, and your curious attempt on page 75 to describe the subtle technique of discriminating between Bolivian and Peruvian cocaine: Obviously lacking the ethical backbone to call for an across-the-board embargo of a product from which you, at least indirectly, earn your livelihood, you've concocted a self-serving ruse that would make the most



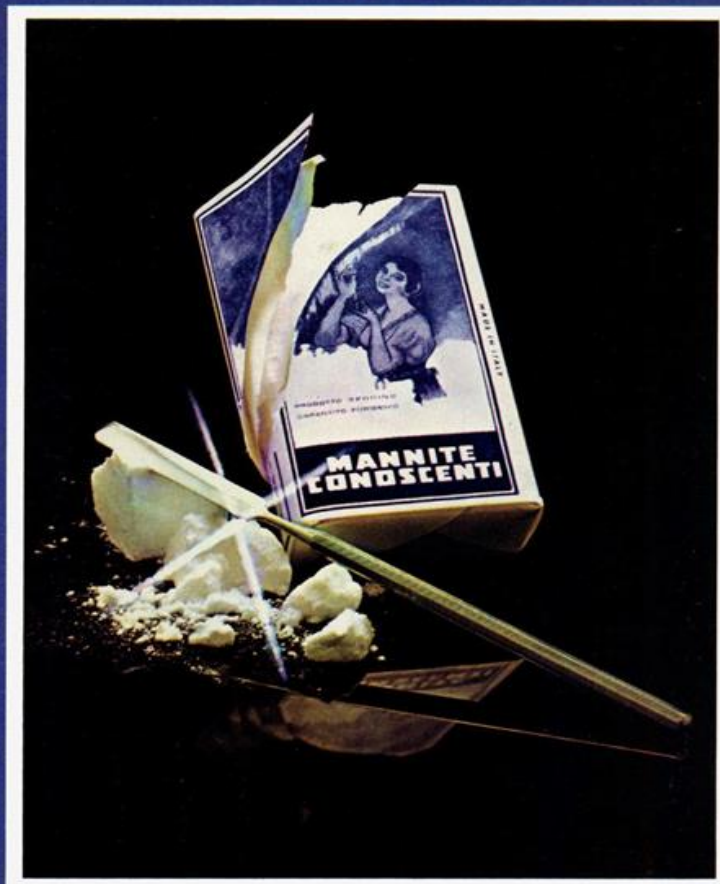
Abbie Hoffman has been a thorn in the side of main-channel power brokers for 20 years. His career as an organizer and activist traces the turbulent social wars that have formed recent American history. In 1973, under mysterious circumstances, he was busted for participating in a coke deal. After two months in a New York City jail he disappeared underground, where he remained for seven years, emerging last fall. Despite the testimonies of several New York politicians and assorted cultural and civic figures, and despite a no-time deal offered by prosecutors to lure him back, he was forced to plea bargain and ended up with a one-to-three-year sentence which he is now serving in various penal colonies in the Greater New York area. Abbie says that he did not "come back embracing Jesus on Wall Street," but only more firmly committed to the idealism of the '60s, and for that reason they sent him to jail. In February G.P. Putnam's Sons will publish his latest book, *Square Dancing in the Ice Age*, a collection of writings, from which this month's "Cocaine Confidential" was stolen.

From the laboratories of Famous Anus Pharmaceutical comes this new line of gentle, effective and 100 percent-pure opium suppositories. Coming in a variety of shapes, these brown bombers have quickly become the rage all over the Midwest and central Canada. Devotees of the "Nile Pile" (the pyramid-shaped number on the upper left) swear that while taking a dump under its influence they can hear the voices of pharaohs past—pleading for softer papyrus, maybe?



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FLASHES



Now we're not ones to boast, but if it weren't for yours truly you'd never have gotten a chance to see actress Taffee O'Connell display her ample charms in the hot new sci-fi flick *Planet of Horrors*. It seems the producers couldn't cast the part of Dacia, the technical chief on the spaceship *Quest*; then they caught a glimpse of our March issue, which featured Taffee on the cover in Amazonian drag, guarding Cheech and Chong's pot plants with an M-16—"That's our girl!" they shouted. Way to go, Taffee, we're all pullin' for ya.

craven Madison Avenue huckster blush. Why not suggest to your readers they eat only the Quaaludes produced by the minority workers on the Rorer assembly line. I'm sure cataloging the make-believe difference of texture and psychic effect would be no problem for your "High Times Quaalude

Bureau." Yours in struggle.

—Jonathan Rosen
Chicago, Ill.

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FLASHES

morrow, I betcha...Hell man, people in 'lude factories got it made, you know? Hey, don't pester the Quaalude Bureau with horseshit like this anymore.—The High Times Quaalude Bureau.



We wish we had a nickel bag for every time someone has come to us and said, "Seriously, between you, me and the growlights, where do you guys get your dope?" Though modesty and the Controlled Substances Act of 1970 forbid the least tell you this much: Though you won't find his name on the masthead, a certain Mr. Fatty Acid has been a tremendous help to us these past seven years. Putting a bounce in our step and a twinkle in our eye, he's been more sought after around the office than a paid vacation...if you get our drift.

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Editor:
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—A.J.
southwestern Pa.

the

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Why is this man half-smiling? Why is this man in the picture at all? Lenny Bruce scholars will have noted that our editorial director, Larry "Ratso" Sloman, was blatantly superimposed on the above picture that accompanied the reprinting of Lenny's legendary "Stamp Help Out! The Pot Smokers" in our recent Best of High Times Volume One.

Well, no need to go into the legal machinations that necessitated our removing the original model's image, but we are happy to report that the complete, unexpurgated, legendary masterpiece is now being made available to the general public for the first time in this generation.

Thanks to the dogged determination of Lenny's lovely daughter Kitty, the Bruce legacy lives in a marvelous, zany, uncensored collection of short stories and rare photographs of the great comedian. Besides Bruce's spoof on the drug situation, "Stamp Help Out! The Pot Smokers," this collection includes "Archaeological Stroke Books," "How Dirty Is Your Toilet?" and "A Chippie off the Old Block," all vintage Lenny.

The whole package of stories and photographs is available for \$7.95 from Bentley-Ross Inc., P.O. Box 433, New York, NY 10028. New York residents add sales tax. Everyone else just be grateful.

The staid Friars Club in New York City was the setting for a big bash to celebrate the success of Cheech and Chong's latest movie, *Nice Dreams*. One photographer got lucky and actually managed to get a picture of the revelers with their clothes on. Among the bashful are (left to right) Tommy Chong and his wife; Geraldo Rivera, Cheech Marin; our publisher, Andy Kowl; and *High Times* production manager Bob Sacks.



Corrections

In "Cocaine Colonialism" (August '81) it was reported that the DEA busted two of the *pl-chicata* kingpins, Gutierrez and Gasser, when they showed up at a Miami bank with "\$90 million" in cash. It should have read "\$9 million."

Back in July we ran a series of pictures

identifying a wide assortment of prescription amphetamines. We inadvertently mislabeled the Dexedrine and Benzedrine tablets. Dexedrine is SKF E19 and Benzedrine is marked SKF A91. We're sorry for any inconvenience this may have caused you.—Ed.



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G. B., Muncie, Indiana

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J. W., Bristol, Virginia



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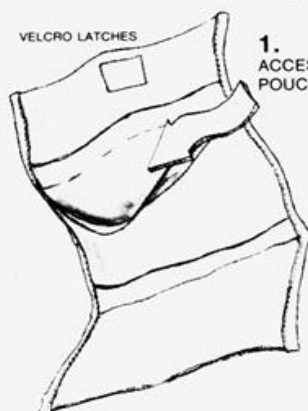
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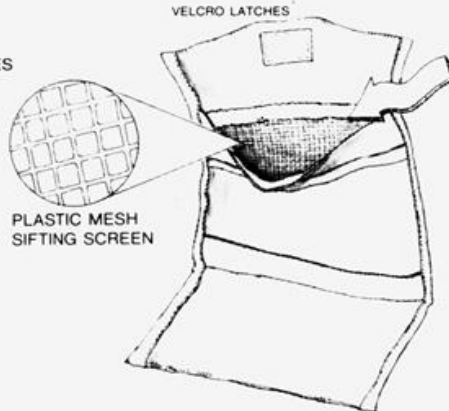
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GETTING OFF YOUR DAY IN COURT

by Michael Stepanian

Tom Wright



Your motions have been denied and your writs have been rejected. The judge has finally stopped his finagling and you, your codefendant and all the indicted coconspirators are all semi-under control. You're now ready for the jury trial. Oddly enough only 10 percent of the cases brought before the bench ever get this far. So you should consider yourself... uncommon.

Jury trials are nerve-racking; they're also very exciting. During a jury trial, the client, lawyer and defense witnesses must mesh and become a strong, organized unit. Many times the exact theory of the defense isn't together by the time the trial has begun, but all alternative theories, witnesses, evidence, subpoenas and documents should be collated so that all angles are covered. All witnesses should be determined, and investigators should have sounded them as to what type of damaging testimony (if any) the prosecution can elicit from them during cross-examination. More likely than not, the prosecutor won't be as prepared as the defense lawyer—if the lawyer gets organized, gets out all the statements from the government: not only police reports, public statements and interdepartmental memos, but things like buy sheets, informants' statements, debriefings, et cetera. A good lawyer should get every piece of evidence that relates directly to his or her case, attempting to pin the government down to where they have to say, "That's all we've got," so if they come up with anything later on the judge will have to rule it out.

It is imperative that the client understand the process of the trial. It's a good idea for any prospective defendant to go see a couple of trials before his or her case comes up, paying close attention to the cross-examination. A good defense lawyer will spend days working to familiarize the client with the procedures of the court.

Day one, the selection of the jury (*voir dire*, in legal terms). Many times a lawyer will want a certain type of jury; for example, if the client is a good old boy, the lawyer will try for a "good-old-boy jury." Federal courts try to curtail the communication be-

tween the lawyer and the jury, but many states allow a fair amount of dialogue between the two. During the jury selection the defense attorney will begin educating the jury as to the defendant's possible defenses and generally conveying to them what type of person the client is.

After the jury is selected both sides make their opening statements. In the opening statements the prosecution and the defense are both jamming for their side, educating the jury on what the law is. The prosecution opens the case first. They have the burden of putting on the evidence and proving beyond a reasonable doubt and to a moral certainty that the defendant is guilty as charged. The defense's opening statement is a bit more complicated. On the one hand the defense doesn't want to rush out and give away their main defense so early in the game, but at the same time they don't want to come out too soft and have the jury formulate negative ideas before they get a chance to present their case. But not to worry: The opening statement of the government can be rebutted by any defense attorney worth his retainer.

Next, the prosecution puts on their witnesses and, of course, the defense cross-examines them. A good attorney will never ask a question on cross-examination that he or she doesn't know the answer to. The attorney should know every witness the prosecution will put on, hopefully ferreting out any surprise witnesses. He will cross-examine as to the areas that will help the case, trying to put the witness into the classic cross-exam situation. (Any way the witness answers the question, the answer will help the defense.) The attorney, at this time, may attack the credibility of certain witnesses for the prosecution. (They may have prior felony convictions or be involved in situations where they would have a motive or bias to lie.) During the cross-examination the attorney will also seek to bring out and develop the areas of weakness in the prosecution's case. Many times, though, too many questions are asked. "Officer, how did you know my client bit off the victim's ear when you didn't see him do it?" "Well, counselor, I saw your client spit it out."

A trial is a living thing; witnesses get lost, documents get confused, background bias

is revealed, informants can drop bombshells ("I get paid per arrest not conviction"). There are many things that can go wrong in the prosecution's case during the trial and the defense counsel should be prepared to take advantage of every mishap. At the end of the prosecution's case motions to dismiss are made by the defense counsel. Out of earshot of the jury, the judge is asked to decide whether the government has presented sufficient evidence to warrant the jury deciding the case. For example, sometimes the prosecution doesn't prove that the defendant, who was in a room where narcotics were kept, knew there were narcotics in the room.

If the judge elects not to dismiss the case, the defense is then asked to present its case. Many times the defense lawyer won't have to put on a "defense." The defense can go along with the prosecution's case and argue that the government failed to prove the elements of the crime. Sometimes the government's evidence is so weak and circumstantial that a lawyer may be able to sneak out without getting his client to testify, but most juries want to see the defendant on the stand.

Hopefully by now the attorney has worked with the client and witnesses and they've all gotten the story straight. If the defendant has a prior conviction, the attorney had better make sure the judge is aware of that fact and try damned hard to keep the conviction out of the cross-examination. But if the judge lets the priors in, obviously it's better that the defense mentions them rather than the prosecution. What with today's Moral Majority, the comet watchers and uptight judges and legislators all screaming out against crime, the defense counsel better come out fighting if he or she wants to win. Remember, most judges want a conviction, and the jury wants to be told in no uncertain terms why they should let the defendant off.

After the defense witnesses have testified both sides present their final arguments. The prosecution goes first, then the defense, and the prosecution gets final shot after that. Following the summations the judge gives instructions to the jury and then sends them out to seek a verdict. And the next few hours may just be the most anxious time in all the world. □

VOLCANNABIS by "R."

THE ULTIMATE SMOKE. The ultimate toke. I don't know how many times certain overenthusiastic growers or smokers have approached the Connoisseur and offered him a taste of something they claim to be the *ne plus ultra* of super primo weed. Nothing else like it on earth.

Well this time the guy making the claim had a story to tell that made it seem just possible he might be able to back up his boast. Word reached me that a mysterious traveling dope fancier was passing through town with some grass grown in volcanic soil still warm from having burst from the bowels of the earth in the eruption of Mount St. Helens. *Live volcanic grass!* I'd often rhapsodized about the wonders worked by the volcanic soils that produce the Hawaiian harvests of Kona and Maui: the long-encapsulated explosive earth energy unleashed in every leaf and bud of the plants that rise from it.

But those Hawaiian volcanoes were extinct! Imagine the pod potential of live volcanic soil. You saw Mount St. Helens blow its top into the stratosphere. Imagine translating that into a high. Scary almost. In fact, it raises an important question we'll get to later: whether certain grass is just *too strong*.

It took a bit of intrigue to line up a secret rendezvous with the Mount St. Helens marijuana man and when he finally appeared he was like some specter out of *The Maltese Falcon*. Dressed in an expensive ivory-colored slubbed silk tropical suit and carrying a silver-headed walking stick, he looked like a cross between Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre: the expansive roguish demeanor of Greenstreet, the wild eyes and cunning look of Lorre.

The only thing he'd say about his background was that he *lived* for fine marijuana. He had crisscrossed four continents pursuing the perfect reefer, the ultimate toke. And shortly after the Mount St. Helens eruption he fell in with some fellow enthu-

siasts who had a plan to create just that.

They'd had a prophetic flash watching TV footage of the first furious eruptions: They *had* to get their hands on some of that hot lava and grow some grass in it before it cooled off.

Pursuing their aim with a dedication that was both fanatic and foolish, they managed to sneak a dump truck up the slopes by way of some overgrown logging trails before the first waves of eruptions had even quit. They proceeded to drive all night straight down to Mexico deep into the Oaxacan interior to the sun-drenched slope of a mountain famous for the fertility of its climate and the precise rainfall and humidity levels they had calculated. Then there were the seeds. Twelfth-generation, Hawaiian-Thai hybrids, seed strains with a pedigree as potent as the finest Arabian stallions. They brought in a brilliant, bud-loving, university-trained horticultural scientist, built some greenhouses for him to play in with his seedlings and let it all loose. It was truly a kind of summit meeting of pot-growing superstars. And now at last he was going to show us the superherb of the superheroes.

He opened up an attaché case. They'd only grown 50 pounds in all, he said, and now there were just five stalks left.

He put his hand into some black wrapping and brandished the blazing buds like the laser of Luke Skywalker. And indeed they

gleamed with a golden intensity that startled the eye. Not green gold, brown gold or red gold, but bright gleaming *gold* gold. Long stalks, each an Excalibur of feathery beauty. The select group of trusted tasters I had gathered for this occasion just stared at first, mesmerized by the gleam. Then we all practically fell to our knees and begged Sydney Greenstreet Lorre to roll us a joint to taste.

Before he would, though, he felt compelled to give us a lecture. A long lecture. About how to smoke this precious, gold, live volcano grass. Just one toke, he warned. No more, no joke. One toke will paralyze you; more than that, well, he couldn't be responsible for the consequences. Another warning: "It's creepy reefer," he said. You might not feel that one toke immediately the way your standard Humboldt County superweed hits you in an instant, but this particular magic marijuana has an uncanny power to keep creeping, keep building for 12 to 24 hours. He went on to give us more warnings and advice, how to smoke, how to inhale, how to exhale, how paralyzed, blown away we'd feel.

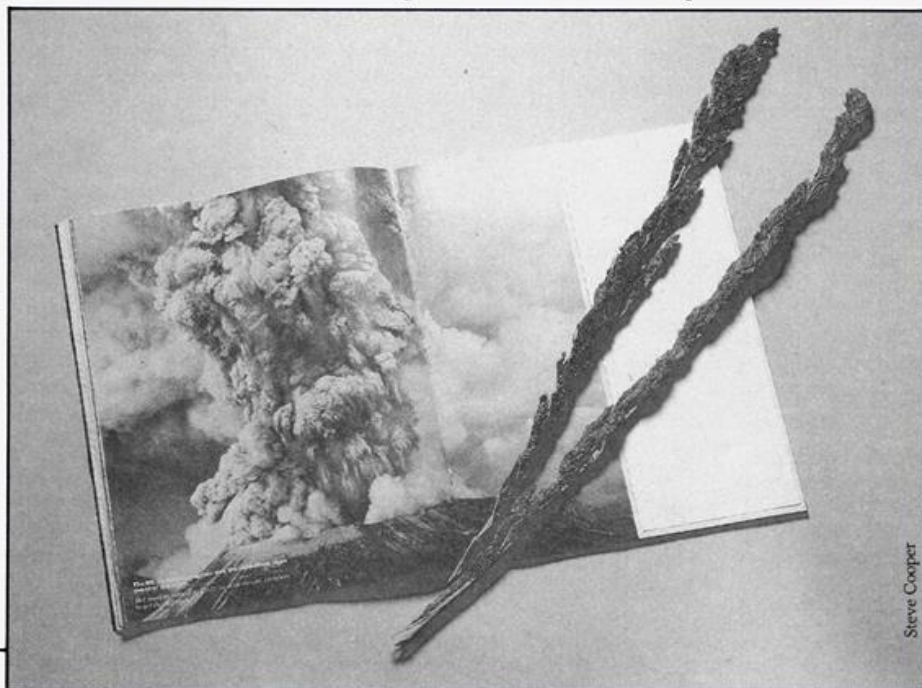
"Will we get to have any fun?" I interrupted. "I mean, will we feel good?" He'd made it sound so grim.

"There's only one way to find out," he said grimly, as he lit up the joint and offered it to me. I felt like I was being given a last smoke

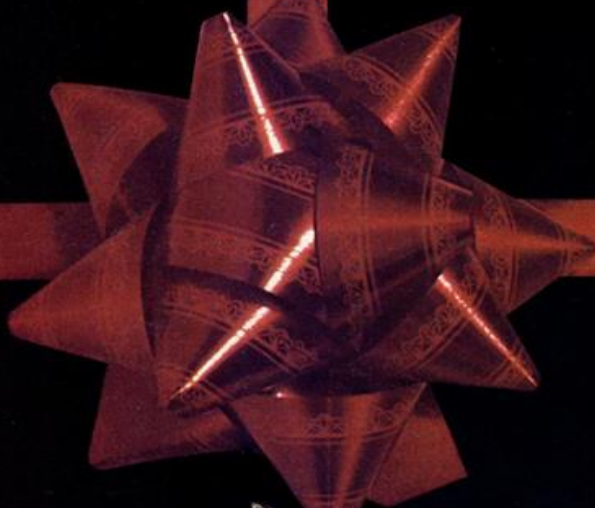
before an execution. Or maybe the smoke was the execution. Some people take their marijuana a lot more seriously than yours truly, the fun-loving Connoisseur.

At last the ultimate toke. Could anything in the real world compete with the buildup this grass had gotten, the pedigree, the warnings. Frankly, no. The taste was rather mild; subdued, not particularly fresh. In fact, it tasted as if it had been through some subtle and sophisticated aging process that bled out the raw THC freshness and al-

continued on page 105



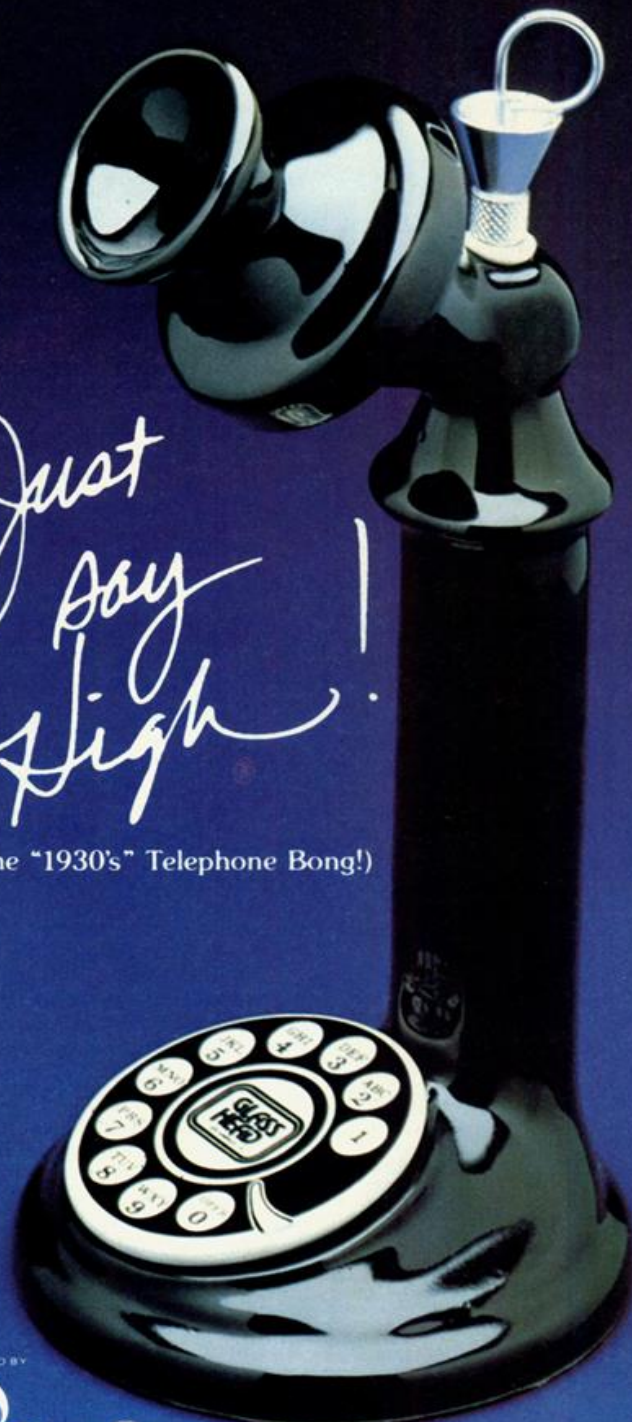
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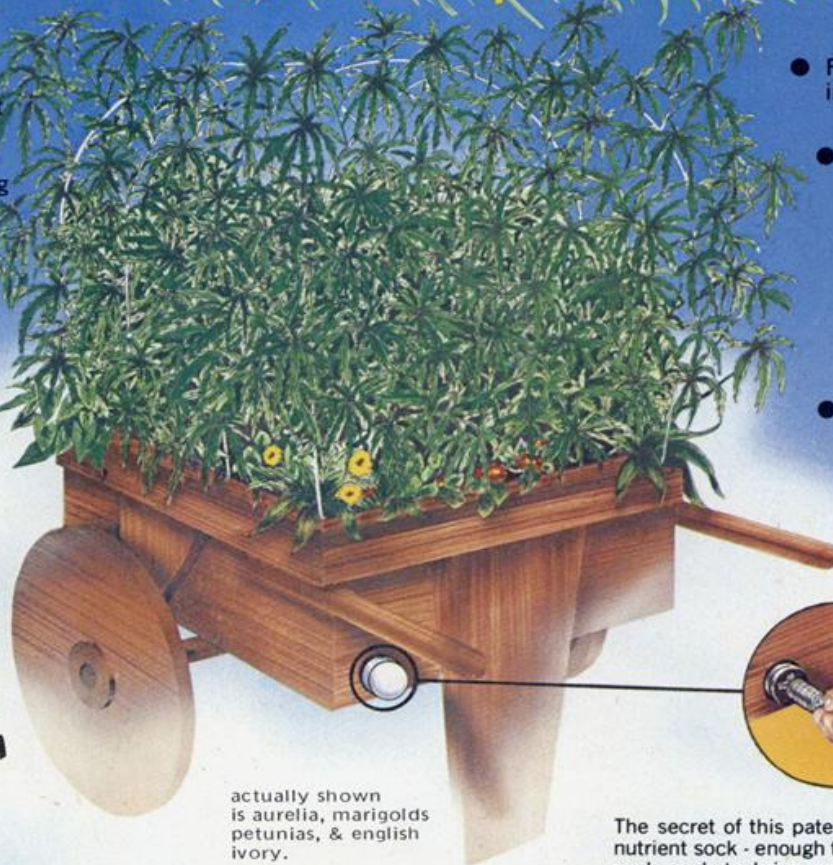
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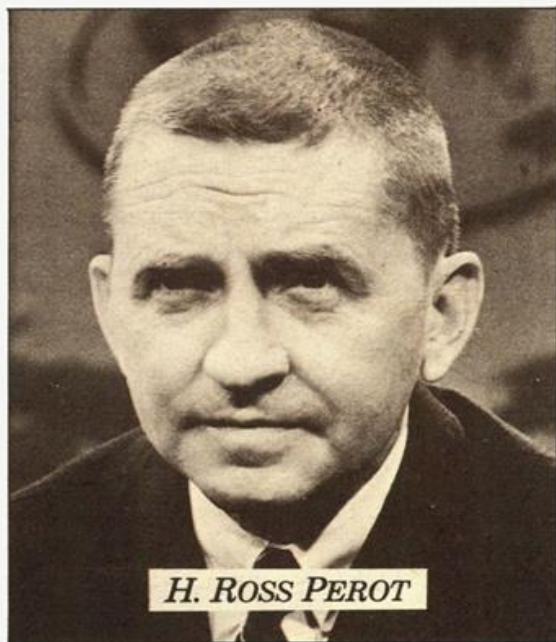
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BLOODLESS COUP IN TEXAS

PEROT PHALANGE IMPOSES 'BIG BROTHER' WIRETAP LAW

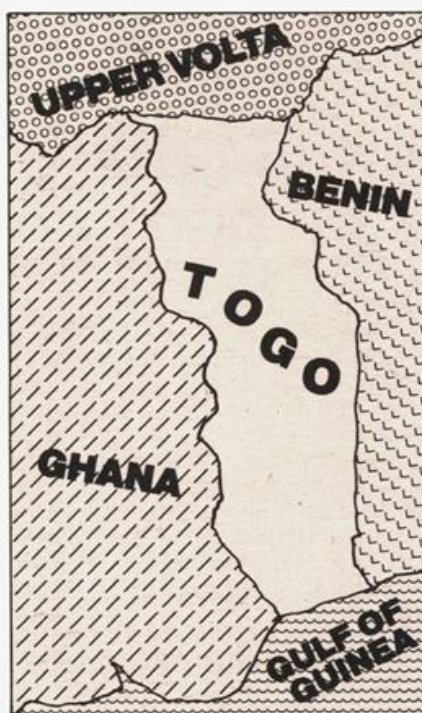
A U S T I N, T E X A S

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN TO launch the fateful year 1984 on schedule began last spring in the state of Texas. continued on page 25

GLOBAL REEFER WAR!

NARCS OF ALL NATIONS GANG UP ON WEED

TOGO TO GO LEGAL?



UNITED NATIONS, N. Y.

EVEN THE TINY African republic of Togo is getting into the act. Clearly unfazed by the endless succession of natural calamities visited on their land by the American newscasters of Second City Television, the government of Togo last summer sent a delegate to the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs to seek guidance in dealing with cannabis smuggling. It seems little Togo—a slice of equatorial Africa wedged between Ghana and Benin, formerly continued on page 24

COLOMBIAN 'HEAT' WAVE

PEACE COMES TO LA GUAJIRA

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, THE Guajira Peninsula has been known as the most lawless region in all of Colombia. During the 1970s it became the most active and productive area on planet earth for marijuana growing and smuggling, but it was also overrun with every variety of crime. Trucks and buses carried contraband of all sorts and were routinely assaulted by bandits or police in ambushes reminiscent of the wild West. Tourists drawn to the pre-Colombian ruins near Santa Marta constantly fell prey to the same forces. There was also a spate of vendetta killings between rival Guajiro Indian clans. The cities of Riohacha and Maicao adopted 6 P.M. curfews, because it was just not safe to walk the streets at night when half the population carried loaded magnums in plain view.

A little more than a year ago, regular army troops who had been stationed on the peninsula under U.S. subsidy to battle the *marimba* trade, were pulled out—which might have been expected to unleash a reign of criminal terror. But this has not been the case, and the credit has gone to one man, Col. Araldo Jimenez, the chief of police of La Guajira.

Jimenez seems to have brought peace to the area through the imposition of new restrictions and his reputedly exceptional powers of persuasion. Citizens are no longer permitted to go about with pistols in their belts, and road traffic has been forbidden after 7 P.M. in an effort to stop the ambushes and hijackings that had become so commonplace. Jimenez has also engaged in the bizarre but apparently effective tactic of wiring the more volatile areas with loudspeakers and waking up the residents at 4 A.M. with lectures on the necessity of resolving differences through legal means

rather than firepower.

According to official statistics, the incidence of highway robbery has been reduced to zero in recent months, and the shootings of police, formerly averaging about three a month, have dropped 95 percent. Jimenez is also reportedly becoming popular with the

native Guajiros, particularly the merchants and bartenders of the area, who prefer the present orderliness to the former "war zone" atmosphere.

Marimba traffic, too, is said to have diminished greatly in La Guajira. This may simply mean that less is reported now than during the army's siege

of the province, but such official claims may simply reflect the fact that marijuana growing has now expanded to virtually every part of Colombia where the climate and topsoil are suitable, and many of the ostentatious *marimba* barons have moved their headquarters to less obvious locales.



Abandoned smuggling plane next to Guajira highway. Such scenes have been used by Colombian authorities to "illustrate" the alleged drying out of the *marimba* trade.

NARCS SCORE 'LUDES, COKE, POT AT EL DORADO INTERNATIONAL

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

DESPITE THE RETIREMENT of the military from drug enforcement here, smugglers have not enjoyed smooth sailing. The Antinarcotics Group of the attorney general's office has been grabbing impressive quantities of methaqualone and coke—and some pot—mostly at El Dorado International Airport.

The narc team has tallied more than three tons of methaqualone in various forms so far this year. Recently, they

discovered 440 kilos of the raw stuff on a plane just in from Frankfurt, Germany. The bust netted no arrests but clearly indicates the route by which large amounts of bootleg Quaaludes reach the United States. The undiluted chemical is manufactured in Europe and flown into Colombia where it is stepped on and compressed into tablets. Then, by smuggling routes that have been well established to handle the voluminous pot trade, they are delivered to gringo customers.

The A.G.'s narc team also recently hooked two separate shipments of 60 ki's of coke in suitcases that had arrived on flights from Lima, Peru. Again, no arrests were made, though authorities said they were investigating three people in connection with the seizures. Soon thereafter, the same drug cops picked up 150 ki's of weed hidden inside a shipment of pineapples bound for Paris. El Dorado Airport has clearly become one of the hotspots of the international smuggling lanes.

BELLINGHAM BUST CLIMAXES IN HONDURAN FREIGHTER CHASE

AUTHORITIES HAD EYES for a bigger haul than they finally confiscated in the late-July bust of an off-loading operation in the border waters around Bellingham, Washington. In initial reports, a spokesperson for the task force of federal and local narcs involved in the investigation claimed an impressive 40 tons of Colombo, but over the next few days the official figures dwindled to a mere 18 tons, virtually all of which was taken from one heavily-laden, 65-foot trawler, the *Tiki*, of Norwegian registry.

Thirteen people allegedly involved in the smuggling effort were arrested and three other vessels were seized in the first sweep, but a Honduran freighter, suspected of being the mother ship, was lost by the Coast Guard in heavy fog and was not boarded until a day later, south of San Francisco, as it steamed toward Mexican waters. Federal authorities took the ten-man Honduran and Colombian crew into custody and piloted the 151-foot *Islander* back to

Seattle as evidence. Officials said the decks had been washed clean with fuel oil to rid the ship of pot residue and telltale odor; the only physical evidence of the alleged cargo was found by scraping cracks in the walls of the holds.

John Guderian, a spokesman for U.S. Customs, said the *Islander* was suspected of having made other deliveries along the West Coast, since the 18 tons of *marimba* captured near Bellingham would have taken up only a fraction

of the ship's capacity.

Besides Customs and the Coast Guard, the Drug Enforcement Administration, three county sheriff's departments, the Bellingham police and the Canadian Mounted Police all had their fingers in the investigation. According to U.S. attorney Jerry Diskin, the narc task force had sniffed the conspiracy three months earlier when a Bellingham man reported to Customs that he had been offered \$24,000 cash for the purchase of his boat.



CUSTOMS MUZZLED!

ACCORDING TO A FEDERAL judge in California, U.S. Customs has been exceeding its authority in investigating drug cases ever since the Drug Enforcement Administration was chartered to take over narcotics enforcement way back in 1973. In a decision that could conceivably void numerous drug cases brought by Customs over the last eight years, U.S. district judge Raul Ramirez tossed a hashish smuggling case out of court, agreeing with the defense that Customs no longer has any authority to pursue violators of drug laws beyond border areas.

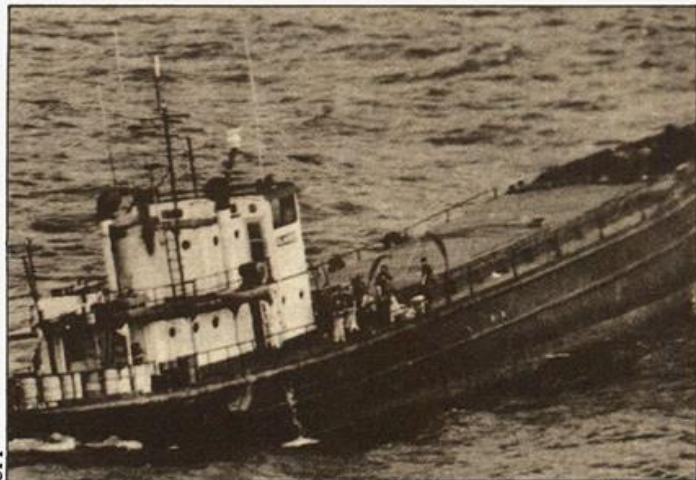
The defendant in the case, John J. Harrington, was one of 21 alleged conspirators named in an October 1980 conspiracy indictment for racketeering and smuggling. Harrington was accused only of conspiring to import hashish.

The case is apparently one more example of the perpetual rivalry between Customs and DEA over which is the most effective narc agency. According to Harrington's defense attorney, Alan May, the case was picked up by Customs after it was abandoned by the DEA. Customs then

proceeded to set up court-ordered wiretaps and recorded more than 1,000 hours of telephone conversations, including some on public pay phones. They also handled the final raids and arrests.

Attorney May was in a unique position to argue against Customs authority to investigate dope cases. He was on the Nixon White House staff in 1972 and 1973, when the DEA was first conceived and organized, and worked with Egil Krogh, G. Gordon Liddy and others to plan the administration's reorganization of narcotics enforcement.

In rendering his decision, which prosecutors will almost certainly appeal, Ramirez said, "The need to end an apparently bitter interagency rivalry that was actually hampering federal law-enforcement efforts" was part of the reason for setting up DEA in the first place. Ramirez stated firmly that, in the 1973 reorganization, DEA had been granted "all intelligence, investigative and law-enforcement functions" concerning "the suppression of illicit traffic in narcotics, dangerous drugs or marijuana."



Authorities relieve the trawler *Tiki* (above) of its 18-ton cargo of Colombo. But the cache the Coast Guard expected to find on the *Islander* (below), halted 200 miles from San Francisco, eluded officials.

Tom Barlett/Seattle Post-Intelligencer

UPI

POT IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

PEKING, CHINA

An American businessman approaches two Europeans on a train. "Do you want to get high?" They smile broadly, and he fires up a joint.

The scene has been played thousands of times, only the location is new. It's not Amtrak or Eurail, it's the People's Republic of China. And the pot?

"I think you'll like it. It's from the Temple of Heaven." They are the only foreigners on the train. All the Chinese assume they are sharing a cigarette; if they knew it was marijuana, *dama*, they'd be horrified. For most Chinese, marijuana is no different from opium or heroin: a poison. For foreign teachers, diplomats, students and businessmen, it is a small blessing. It grows fresh and wild throughout northern China, and while the quality is never spectacular, the price is right and it does provide some diversion.

For a foreigner living in China, life can be isolated and depressing. The government

doesn't encourage much real contact with Chinese, and night life is tame. Winters are heatless, and hot water depends on your rank. There is almost no access to books, magazines or Western entertainment. The local rice wine eats through the bottle seal, the local beers are cold only in winter.

As one exchange student explained: "You have no idea how happy I was when I saw the stuff growing wild. And no one knows what it is. Most don't notice it at all. I've talked one Chinese friend into trying it, but he says he doesn't feel a thing."

"Look, take as much as you like. It's no more mine than it is ours, or anyone's." When pot is available, it is readily shared.

Rolling papers can be bought in local stores; owing to a technology gap, they come ungummed. As for scoring, keep your eyes open when you walk through the grounds of the Summer Palace, and hilly countryside, and, of course, the Temple of Heaven.



BACKYARD BLUES Police unload some of the 56 pot plants confiscated from a home in La Jolla, California. Local authorities estimated the street value of the plants, some of which were ten feet tall, at \$100,000. Charged in the case is Mrs. Jane Schimpff, a 55-year-old grandmother who told police she had no idea that growing marijuana is a felony.

COAST GUARD AND BEACHCOMBERS SCORE BIG

SINSE HARVEST ARRIVES BY SEA

SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

IT CAME FROM THE SEA IN sealed metal cans, and nobody—at least, nobody who's talking—knows how much of it there was, but this primo Thai sinsemilla brought windfall profits to at least a few California beachcombers. When the reportedly wonderful flot-sam began washing up on the beaches at Sea Ranch in early

June, local authorities and Coast Guardsmen in helicopters rapidly raked in 86 100-pound galvanized cans of the stuff.

But they also discovered a number of empty containers and speculated that many more may have been snatched up and hauled away by greedy scavengers. Speculation turned to conviction when nicely preserved, foot-long

Thai tops began hitting the local market at \$800 to \$1,600 a pound. Sellers and buyers, we are told, were equally delighted, as early appraisals graded the seaweed on a par with the best California sinse, which goes for as much as \$2,500 a pound. Hitting the market between local harvests, it had virtually no competition.

Officials who investigated the incident theorized that a

smuggling freighter may have been frightened into dumping its cargo when it came in sight of a research ship, greatly resembling a Coast Guard cutter, that was operating in the area. It is suspected that the smuggling boat was well offshore when the cargo was dumped, since the discoveries of drift-pot spanned a beachfront of at least 30 miles.

DEA RESURRECTS A TIRED MYTH:

'MARIJUANA A COMMUNIST PLOT'

THE RUSSIANS ARE TRYING to bury us in marijuana. It's an insidious scheme they've been working on for years. They want to lull us into complacency by stoning us out, and then, as we all sit to the Grateful Dead, they'll launch their ICBMs, and...

You might have thought that old hallucination of right-wing paranoia was dead. Not so. The Drug Enforcement Administration, through one of its favored journalists, Robert Coram of the *Atlanta Constitution*, is giving it artificial resuscitation—this time with "classified documents" and a bizarre scenario to back it up.

Now, Robert Coram is someone you may not have heard of if you don't live in the hub of the New South. Coram is a professional antidrug journalist who helps disseminate the alarmist pseudoscientific work of antimarijuana "researchers" like Gabriel Nahas and Robert Heath. Since his drug politics fit the DEA's own hypocritical puritanism, he has special access to agents

and inside information. It's fair to say they feed him stories.

Coram attributes this latest Cuba-KGB conspiracy theory of the pot trade to "American intelligence officials" and various documents he was apparently shown on the sly. It goes, more or less, as follows: Freighters hauling pot up from Colombia are escorted by "unidentified vessels" into Cuban rivers. There their massive cargoes are unloaded and trucked

not to mention the embarrassment that would befall Castro's government, which takes a hard line against drugs of any sort, if the mysterious convoys were discovered. The notoriously well patrolled Yucatán Channel is, of course, not the only route through the Caribbean to the United States, and anyone with the connections and the balls to portage a load of weed through Cuba would probably also have the brains to

since they wouldn't normally check the cargo of a ship that simply stopped to fuel up.

But the gullible Mr. Coram also claims to have seen "classified U.S. documents" showing that a mysterious man in Miami, who masqueraded as a retired British naval officer, and whose murder is still unsolved, was really the KGB "chief of station" there. This man, says Coram, "was known to have controlled *Night Train*, a legendary mother ship that avoided detection for years." Coram even says the secret documents show this man to have been the original "mastermind of the mother-ship concept." After he was killed (and who would want to kill a KGB agent, anyway—the CIA, perhaps?) it was discovered that he had controlled a \$10-million Panamanian bank account, Coram's "documents" say.

Some of this may be true. It's believable that in a KGB agent's world of cloak-and-dagger dirty tricks there might be a use for an available \$10 million. Or, it's believable that an enterprising KGB spook, particularly one operating in Miami, could become a pot smuggler on the side. But it's not at all believable that it took the connivance of a Russian spy to come up with the obvious idea of using mother ships and smaller vessels to move contraband into guarded shores.

Who's Coram kidding? Or who's kidding Coram? And who else has been kidded with this so-called classified information?

Is this part of the "evidence" that was shown to our elected representatives in Washington in DEA briefings, when they were considering the bill to allow the military to be used in the war against the pot trade? After all, if you believe the line the DEA fed Coram, what's at stake is the defense of the United States!

EDITORIAL

overland, with the full knowledge of the Cuban government and the KGB, to the north coast of Cuba where they are again reloaded. This allows the freighters to sail empty through the Yucatán Channel, between Cuba and Mexico, where American Coast Guard cutters are on patrol.

Sounds almost plausible, until you consider the logistics, and the cost, of such an operation, and the difficulty of keeping such a massive effort (unloading and reloading cargoes of up to 100 tons) quiet—

circle east rather than west. Out that way, there's a vast stretch of open sea known as the Atlantic Ocean.

But there's more to Coram's big story. He cites a reliable informant's report that "marijuana-hauling vessels are refueling on the south coast of Cuba."

Maybe so. According to a U.S. Coast Guard officer who served in the Yucatán Channel, a ship of other-than-U.S. registry would have no difficulty refueling there, but the Cubans would probably not know what was in the hold,

JORGY



GLOBAL REEFER WAR

continued from page 19

Dahomey, if that helps—has recently been discovered by weed movers furnishing the booming new European reefer market.

Real marijuana is still quite a new thing in Europe, and extremely popular. Last year, for the first time ever, French narcs reported seizing more crude African marijuana than processed hashish. Grass has not replaced hash as Europe's favorite illegal smoke, exactly—it's simply that millions of Europeans who would never previously have touched cannabis in the form of hash have recently discovered the more moderate and generally superior high afforded by raw hemp. Thus grass movers are gradually migrating away from such traditional hashish depots as Beirut and Algiers and are loading tons of leafy, green tropical weed in African nations south of the equator, like Togo.

Togo, accordingly, is suddenly in a peculiar position. Along with nearly every other nation in the region, Togo has extremely close relations with France—a hangover from the long era when much of the region was called French Equatorial Africa. The government of Togo exists pretty much at the pleasure of the Champs-Élysées, then, which can reshuffle the whole cabinet pretty much at its will. Since the French are known to take a sour view of African cannabis moving into their nation, the Togolese obviously feel obliged to do something visible about their reefer trade, even if it only amounts to posturing. On the other hand, Paris is exquisitely anxious about maintaining its influence in the region, threatened by incursions of Libyan troops into Chad and by a doctrinaire, pro-Soviet, communist regime in the Congo Republic. Thus, though wholly dependent on France, the Togolese government enjoys considerable latitude for domestic policies—such as *yamba* production.

The parallels with the relationship of Colombia to the United States have clearly not been lost on the Togolese. Colombia is reportedly on the verge of unilaterally legalizing cannabis production—the legislatures of the six main *marimba*-producing provinces there have unanimously called for it—and has met with little resistance from the United States, where the bogeyman of "Red Cuban" adventurism is even more terrifying than the bogeyman of Killer Weed. With the twin specters of Qaddafi and communism haunting central Africa, the governments there may be able to cash in on cannabis in a big way.

Thus the address delivered to the U.N. dope commission by Togo's delegate was fairly remarkable, according to Bob Pisani of Philadelphia, director of the International Alliance for Cannabis Reform (ICAR). Noting candidly that equatorial Africans have smoked hemp since time out of mind to "overcome fatigue," Togo quietly insisted that a distinction be made between *use* and *abuse* of cannabis. Domestic consumption, implicitly, is not a grave problem in the government's estimation, but the economic instability engendered by the

lucrative new illegal-smoke trade is definitely a source of potential trouble. The Togolese left it open whether they might not expeditiously avert such problems by simply legalizing grass for export, and sensibly taxing and controlling it.

SRI LANKA SCANDAL

Unhappily, Togo was the only representative of the newly prospering African cannabis producers to address the 1981 session of the U.N. dope commission. Most of the rest of the session was taken up with the predictable antidope posturings of governments that have traditionally used harsh narcotics laws to oppress their citizenry. But there were also several delegates present from nations that had just recently discovered "drug problems" in their midst and were setting out enthusiastically to confront them with a naive blend of indignation and ferocity.

Sri Lanka, for instance, was clearly scandalized last year by a U.N. Narcotics Commission report that revealed that *some* people there were smoking homegrown weed. Though the bucolic little island nation neither imports nor exports any perceptible quantity of dope, Sri Lanka is the very model of a postcolonial outpost of the British Empire: a remorselessly decent population of Buddhists and Hindus who dote on cricket, tea, the royal family and unemployment insurance. The mere incident of being mentioned in a U.N. dope report last year was sufficient to prompt the government to raise the petty-possession penalties there from 1 year and a \$65 fine to 20 years and \$525! Significantly, the new penalties are being levied under an ancient colonial ordinance—the Poisonous, Opium and Dangerous Drugs Act—which was righteously enacted back in the era when the British were smuggling long tons of Indian opium into China every month.

Turkey, which has been playing international narco politics since the League of Nations era, showed considerably more sophistication. "Public opinion [on dope] is now in the hands of deviant addicts and their supporters in the mass media," railed Ankara's impressive "ambassador extraordinaire and plenipotentiary," Ecmel Barutcu. Without citing any specific magazine titles, His Excellency recommended that all right-thinking nations "take all possible action to stop the publication or propagation of any written or other material that directly or indirectly encourages, stimulates, or aims at increasing drug abuse." The ambassador extraordinaire did not stoop to answer charges from European, American and Israeli intelligence agencies that most of the crude morphine produced in the Middle East is labbed down to heroin in Turkish labs on its way to Europe and the United States. If Barutcu gets his way, such reports in the future ought to be decently censored so as not to unnecessarily vex and demoralize hardworking Turkish narcs.

Morocco, another past master of narco politics, counseled all decent nations to show "no hesitation in recognizing the ad-

verse effects of cannabis," whatever they may be.

THE GREAT WHITE NORTH

The one nation present at the 1981 U.N. narco session that had recently undertaken an in-depth cannabis medical survey was Canada. The Addiction Research Center of Toronto last spring published a wide-ranging digest titled *Cannabis: Adverse Effects on Health*, which had been billed long before its appearance as *the* definitive report on marijuana toxicity, incorporating all the "disturbing new scientific findings" that supposedly show marijuana to be exceedingly poisonous. When the report ultimately appeared, however, it turned out that nothing substantial has cropped up since the late 1960s to indicate that pot is particularly harmful for healthy adults who smoke it at ordinary dose levels. All the major political parties in Canada, therefore, are still on record supporting marijuana decriminalization. The Canadian delegate at the U.N. narcotics *auto da fé* had little to report, then, beyond the news that the Ottawa government is about to try to move cannabis control from the federal narc bureau to the Ministry of Food and Drugs.

On the yonder side of the Atlantic, the tide is moving strongly in the reverse direction. Sweden, which is currently enjoying a vigorous authoritarian backlash against a generation of welfare-state stagnation, proudly announced that petty pot offenders there face compulsory stretches of intensive "therapeutic rehabilitation." West Germany, in the grip of an unprecedented heroin epidemic, presents cannabis offenders with a two-year choice: either jail or cockamamie shrink therapy.

THE WORKER'S PARADISE

One precinct not heard from at the U.N. narco parley was the Soviet Union, where drug problems were forever eliminated, once and for all, by the glorious revolution of 1917. Bob Pisani of ICAR, however, has been assembling a deal of spicy information about doping among the expeditionary Red Army forces since the Afghanistan incursion of 1979. Since there's no vodka in Afghanistan, and the puritanical Moscow government is reluctant to publicly provide it to their boys in the field, it seems that Commie grunts have taken to Afghani hash in a *large* way. The Supreme Soviet is particularly fretful, Pisani has heard, over reports that the homesick Ivans are trading their very Kalashnikovs for Kabul hashish.

"If you recall," says Pisani, "it was the GIs in Vietnam who were largely responsible for popularizing marijuana in little all-American towns where hardly anyone had ever heard of it, before the boys came home raving about that terrific 'Nam reefer. You can bet the same thing's going on now everywhere from Minsk to Novosibirsk. Those Russian boys are probably growing their own by now, following old government manuals on collective rope horticulture."

BLOODLESS COUP IN TEXAS

continued from page 19

Legislators in Austin last March designed and passed a model law empowering police to spy on any individual or organization in the state, while simultaneously a U.S. senator from Texas proposed a federal law that would empower police to seize any private property in the country.

The entire scheme was orchestrated by an intensely reactionary clique of political extremists who have every intention of turning the United States into a classic Orwellian police state—and who have excellent prospects of succeeding. They've discovered that by masquerading as "anti-drug" crusaders, there's no limit to the oppressive police-state legislation they can bulldoze onto the statute books.

The Texas wiretapping law is commonly called BEW, short for Breaking, Entering and Wiretapping. In precise technical language, it effectively empowers any state or local cop to break into any home, business, organization, church or school, and plant hidden eavesdropping devices. The only requirement involved for the cop is to persuade a district judge that someone on the premises may be buying or selling "controlled substances." Supposedly a cop is only to request the covert-action warrant on the basis of tips from a criminal informant; but since the informant need not be identified to the judge or swear to any information provided, of course nothing prohibits a cop from fabricating a snitch tip entirely, except for the very remote possibility of a contempt citation if the lie ever comes to light.

The federal "antidrug" law, proposed by Sen. John Tower last spring, allows for the confiscation of any private property the police may characterize as belonging to anyone involved in buying or selling "controlled substances." No outright criminal charges need be laid against the individual involved; the police may simply confiscate his or her property if they charge that the person is involved in dope trafficking or actively

Both laws were drafted in close consultation with a political organization called the Texans' War on Drugs Committee, chaired by ultraright international industrialist H. Ross Perot. Perot, who independently invaded Iran with corporate mercenaries in 1979 to extract some of his company personnel there, is broadly reputed to have ties to high-tech paramilitary groups both in the United States and abroad. Ordinarily, Perot and his ultraright companions would be viewed as very dangerous and sinister people, but since noisily adopting their pious "War on Drugs" facade last year, the Perot phalanx has been taken very seriously by terrorized legislators.

Simultaneous with the BEW law, the Texans' War on Drugs Committee induced state representative Stan Schleuter of Salado to propose in the Texas legislature a bill that would provide life sentences for people convicted of sharing "controlled substances" with minors. Since the bill would send up for 5 to 99 years any

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18-year-old caught swapping a joint with a 17-year-old friend, many startled legislators opposed it vehemently. The wiretapping law, worded much more subtly, seemed tame by comparison; and the opposing legislators, having raised a fuss over this preposterous part of the War on Drugs legislative package, were that much easier to smear as "prodope" in the ultimate BEW debate.

Another prong of the BEW campaign was a headshop law, reportedly "hand-delivered" to its Austin sponsors—state senators Bill Blythe of Houston and Don Rains of San Marcos—after its drafting by War on Drugs counsels working with the federal Drug Enforcement Administration. Basically the law uses the DEA's standard definitions of "drug paraphernalia," which can easily be construed to apply to anything under the sun, and links them to old Prohibition-era confiscation statutes, which empower the authorities to seize literally any property they wish, any time they wish, with minimal regard to due process. It passed the Austin state senate 135 to 7, and was subsequently proposed by Tower, on Perot's urging, to the U.S. Senate, where it is currently in the ultratight-wing Security and Terrorism subcommittee.

The Perot wiretapping bill had a stormier time of it in Austin, where some legislators still recall acutely the Watergate disclosures. It was pointed out that under the tightest eavesdropping controls, police chronically abuse surveillance powers, using them against political targets and wrecking innocent people's reputations by leaking their surreptitiously gained information. The Texas police, who are notorious for brutalizing people in their custody, would seem to be an inappropriate agency to exercise such expanded control powers. Considering that under the law's wording cops can get away with killing anyone who might be surprised on any premises they choose to break into, the BEW statute raised more than a few hackles in Austin.

However, any opposition to BEW automatically provoked a long, dreary, memorized sermon about kids on drugs from Sen. Bob Glasgow of Stephenville. Glasgow, who regularly insinuated that any legislator opposing BEW was probably a dope profiteer, declared at one point that the police were welcome to tap his own premises 24 hours a day: "I don't say anything in my home or office I wouldn't want listened to." Why, then, he wanted to know, should any *honest* person object to it?

"McCarthyism in the '80s has a new code word—it's *drugs*," observed Texas ACLU head John Duncan after the bill passed. "They've done an excellent job of laying a foundation for a fascist state."

Outright lying was also deemed justifiable by the BEW lobbyists. Though the law pointedly omits any requirement that cops seeking a BEW spy warrant even identify their informant to the judge, much less put the informant under oath in his accusations, BEW sponsor Ed Howard led the senators to believe otherwise. The following exchange occurred between Senator Howard and Sen. Lloyd Doggett of Austin:

Doggett: Frequently these informants are involved in narcotics, many have been convicted of crimes, they've burgled, robbed, stolen, whatever.
Howard: Correct.

Doggett: And an informant's name will not be disclosed necessarily.
Howard: Correct.

Doggett: And he does not have to appear before a judge.

Howard: Correct.

Doggett: So if the informant lies, and his credibility is never evaluated, and they get the order, it can be challenged on the basis he is a liar.

Howard: Senator, he is under oath.

Throughout the Senate discussion Howard continually conferred with the governor's lawyer, David Dean, whenever sticky points of information came up. Texas governor Bill Clemente, who is an assiduous, almost frantic promoter of H. Ross Perot's national political aspirations, anxiously nursemaided BEW "like a mother worries about her child," relates the *Texas Observer*. When the law ultimately passed, Clemente was on hand in the state house, exulting, "We did it!" Present also was a contingent of ostensible "parents" from the War on Drugs Committee, who broke into a gala political demonstration when the deciding vote was counted; they had to be silenced by the acting speaker.

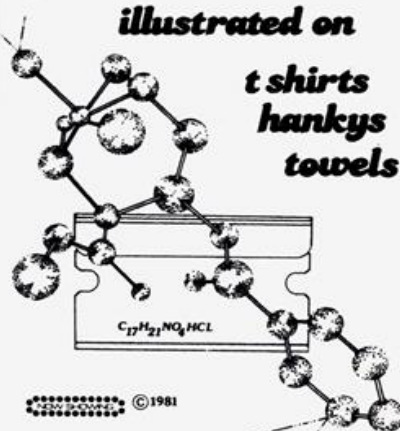
At present, then, the Texas police enjoy unrestricted surreptitious-entry and electronic-surveillance powers to supposedly help them bust "top" dope traffickers. However, the fact is that top dope movers invariably invest in sophisticated antisurveillance gear, rendering all BEW's meticulous technical wording redundant. The new police spy powers are and will be exercised against perfectly ordinary people mainly, and not merely people suspected of "controlled substances" offenses. As BEW opponents repeatedly pointed out, a cop can easily procure a spy warrant for virtually any premises simply by inducing an informant to designate those premises in a warrant application. The place may then be wiretapped indefinitely, and if indication of criminal activity of any sort crops up on the tape, the cop merely applies for an appropriate warrant. By making a "special exception" to due process in narcotics investigations, then, the Austin legislature has opened up every bedroom and boardroom in Texas to police eavesdropping.

And now that the BEW law is afloat in Texas, it's expected that a federal version will show up in Washington soon, just as the Texas headshop law was carried there by Senator Tower. As if laying the groundwork for it already, the Reagan administration recently began moves to nullify the traditional "exclusionary rule" under which improperly seized evidence cannot be entered by police in federal criminal cases. Under existing rules of evidence, that is, cops tapping a man's phone on a narcotics warrant can't bust him if they hear him plotting, say, to commit mail fraud. However, if the exclusionary rule is voided, and a Perot-style wiretapping law is enacted federally, Big Brother will certainly be looking over everyone's shoulder an instant later.

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

IN LIKE A LAMB, OUT LIKE A LIGHT

by Bud Bogart

IN JAMAICA, WHERE ODD RASTA RAP AND horse-coek spliffs are a way of life, they call the sinsemilla "lamb's bread." And the recent penetration of this delicately structured and sweetly scented herb into the mainland market demonstrates vividly how a particular type of marijuana cuts itself a piece of the national stash pie.

Two years ago the price of a pound of Jamaican sinsemilla was around \$1,000. With other senses knocking down two and three times that, the Jamaican had a lot to overcome in its first couple of years on the

drought, a couple of months after the good Colombian had disappeared and well before the domestic sinsemillas matured. During that crucial dry period the lamb's bread was particularly hot.

This year lamb's bread established itself more or less permanently, moving through the marketplace rapidly at around \$1,800 an elbow, snatched up as soon as it appeared. It's earned its bones and has probably found its niche in the scheme of things. Coming in just below the domestics in both price and quality, it won't lock horns with the early sines.

Harvest moons: Given the amount of the sinse already on the market, it looks like this is going to be an even bigger bumper year than anyone had anticipated. Again, it looks as though California may drop behind the south-central and southeastern states in quality, though it's still way out ahead in tonnage. The Southeast seems to be where the big quality action is, with some entries so potent they're easily passing as Hawaiian. It is early though, and some of the legendary California growers may yet come up with blockbusters.

Putting the squeeze on: Those clever Thais have finally gotten around to the old trick of Western smugglers: making money in the off season by warehousing pot while it's still in its prime. Some of it may have popped up in your neighborhood. It's mostly shake and heavy-duty lower stem buds put into a garbage compactor and squeezed into moist cubes. Some is a little musky, but, for the most part, the warehoused Thai still has that inimitable smell, the sticky taste, the knockout high. Only problem is that this definitely *second-cut* product carries a *prime* price tag, from \$2,000 to \$2,400, and even over that if sellers can find buyers desperate enough.

Trenchcoats along the coastline: In an extraordinarily candid moment for a spook, a Florida CIA operative who gave an interview to CBS recently explained how it is that so many Cubans are involved in pot traffic—a fact well known and little appreciated by the old-line smuggling establishment in the Southeast. Some 2,000 of them, at least, were trained by the U.S. CIA to successfully bring vessels into the United States without being detected in hopes that these skills could be used in an anti-Castro revolution.

"The Coast Guard, the marine patrols, these guys know their M.O. and go right around them," explained the spymaster, who said he was involved in training the Cuban counterrevolutionaries. "Smuggling pot to them is child's play," he concluded.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

block. As the new kid, it was unknown and untested. It looked funny, darker than most sinsemillas, with tiny red hairs on some buds. Its most distinguishing feature was the extreme fineness of the tops; even a big bud, inches long, weighed only a gram and crumbled into a mossy, pistil-packed mixture.

What was worse, the newly arrived sinse had to overcome the reputation of its establishment kin, of regular garden-variety ganja that came out by the ton during the '70s and put everybody to sleep. Seeded Jamaican pot was stronger than dogweed Mexican, but not much more. Even bad Colombian was preferable to good Jamaican.

Lamb's bread has changed all that. In its first outing, the thousand-dollar pounds were bought up slowly and suspiciously by dealers who turned \$100 ounces and waited for the feedback. By and large it was good; even excellent. It even won the first place Herbie award from *HIGH TIMES'* respected pot gourmand "R.," who proclaimed that its delicious taste and low price made it the best sinse bargain around.

The next year, prices on the lamb's bread had crept up \$400 a pound and more. The price of a Z went up to \$150, and the growing market of lamb's bread kept it arriving furiously through most of the late summer season. The timeliness of the sinse's appearance made it all the more valuable—in the midst of the annual midsummer

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	12-16
Mullumbimby madness	range reefer	100 oz	900
Colombian pot	some 'merah	lb	5-25
Thai sticks	super but sparse	oz	40-100
Compressed Thai	off and on	lb	75-225
Putty hash	Lebanese	100 oz	800-1200
Nepalese fingers	Frankenstein critic's choice	lb	15-20
Indian hash oil	champagne of oils	one	1000-1200
Mushrooms	wild	oz	160-200
LSD	Korean "tiles"	lb	210-250
Mandrax	Sat. nite special	oz	2800-3000
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	lb	250-400
		gm	3000-4500
		oz	20-45
		oz	420-620
		oz	50-75
		one	5-7
		100	300-500
		one	3-6
		100	150-400
		gm	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	good flow	oz	50-65
Gold and red Colombian	gone like the wind	lb	500-650
Hawaiian buds	none in sight	oz	60-85
Mexican tops	a few in season	lb	500-750
California sinsemilla	nada	oz	325-350
Homegrown pot	mild	lb	2800-3600
Hash	headscratcher	oz	50-85
LSD	red and blond Leb	lb	450-650
Mandrax	your choice	oz	200-275
Cocaine	steady	lb	2000-2600
	danced on heavily	oz	10-15
		100	50-200
		100	140-175
		100	1900-2500
		one	4-10
		one	200-450
		one	3-6
		100	275-450
		gm	110-160
		oz	1850-2500

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
golds, reds	usual strong	lb	60-100
Commercial domestic	supply	oz	2-5
Colombian hash	forgettable	lb	30-80
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	lb	100-225
Cocaine	good assortment	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	symbol	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	subtle, typically European	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	problems solved	kilo	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	top banana	oz	60-120
Cocaine	ditto	kilo	1200-2200
	brisk market	oz	100-135
		oz	100-150
		gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Emeraldas swamp grass	the worst	lb	200
Cocaine base	lots	oz	6-10
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	lb	70-100
LSD	traded for blow	one	2-4
		one	40-60
		gm	negotiable
		one	25-40
		one	5

ENGLAND

African grass	dedicated potheads only	oz	90-100
		lb	750-1000

Colombian grass	down to a trickle	oz	100-175
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	lb	850-1200
Thai sticks	great, rare	one	10
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	oz	110-130
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	one	15-25
Black Kashmir hash	high tide	oz	free to 50
Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	lb	100-350
Paki black hash	extraordinaire	oz	100-125
Nepal temple ball hash	world's finest	lb	100-125
Hash oil	palpable, palatable	lb	800-1050
LSD	considerable of late	oz	100-150
Cocaine	scarce but there	one	60-85
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	lb	750-1000
		oz	100-125
		lb	1100-1250
		oz	150-200
		gm	1750-2000
		one	20-30
		100	475-525
		gm	7-10
		100	500-700
		gm	135-180
		oz	270
		one	3-6

FRANCE

African pot	dominates weed market	gm	2.50-3
Colombian pot	extremely rare	oz	65-80
Moroccan hash	several flavors	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	fresh and fragrant	gm	6-8
Lebanese kif	known as "zero-zero"	oz	90-110
LSD	pyramids, red stars, dots, blots	gm	8-12
Speed	hot on the punk scene	oz	100-125
Cocaine	and long Parisian nights	gm	10

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	by the Bronco-full	oz	7-12
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	lb	60-120
Acapulco gold	ay caramba	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	lb	50-80
Cocaine	when around don't be a chump	oz	10-20
Opium	withdrawn from the market	lb	50-100

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Gainesville, Fla.	Nigerian "Iska" weed, dyno	oz	50
Howell, N.J.	dried shrooms	lb	600
New Haven, Conn.	'Lombo 'merah, respectable	one	7
Atlanta, Ga.	top-notch toot, one stepped	oz	110
White River Junction, Vt.	early Vermont green, good day	lb	325
Kalamazoo, Mich.	red Leb hash	oz	2800
Phoenix, Ariz.	cocaine, heavily cut	oz	15-25
Vail, Colorado	early sinse, plastic packaged	gm	5
Aboard the U.S.S. Nimitz	Colombian red, potent, some lumber	oz	100
Amarillo, Tex.	Mex greenback weed, z-z-z-z-z	gm	125
		oz	225
		1.5 gm	5
		oz	15

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	early trickle	oz	25-50
Commercial Mexican	trucker's special	oz	10-40
Top-grade Mexican	around once again	lb	100-435
		oz	50-75
		lb	475-650

Mexican sinsemilla	over the next hill	oz	55-65
Jamaican	appears and disappears	lb	500-600
Jamaican sinsemilla	crackerjack	oz	35-45
Commercial	when around	lb	375-450
Connoisseur	tons, but moving slow	oz	70-100
Colombian	disappeared of a sudden	lb	700-1000
Thai sticks	several varieties	oz	30-40
Loose Thai	short season	lb	250-360
Various Africans	so what?	oz	40-55
Hawaiian	price downswing	lb	440-550
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz	15-35
Citralli hash	absent of late	lb	180-225
Lebanese hash	some past its prime	oz	170-200
Black Afghani hash	with gold seal	lb	1200-1800
Nepalese fingers	some dry as rocks	oz	40-55
Paki hash	bits and pieces	lb	425-550
Hash oils	Nep honey, terrif	oz	125-225
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried, varying effects	lb	1800-2400
Peyote	tough to come by right now	oz	90-125
LSD	blots and balls	lb	1100-1750
Cocaine	slow but there	oz	175
Methaqualone	some real bulldozers	lb	1825-2200
Crosses and black beauts	erratic	oz	100-130
		one	900-1450
		100	150-200
		one	1700-2300
		100	175-225
		100	1700-2500
		100	150
		100	1350-1800
		100	35-65
		100	500-1000
		100	100-150
		100	1650
		100	1750-25

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	prices more in line of late	oz	45-55
Domestic weed	halide homegrown	lb	430-550
Mexican weed	summer's best	oz	15-35
Mainland sinsemilla	B-grade here; A-1 there	lb	75-175
Lebanese hash	big mover	oz	50-65
Cocaine	roll of the dice	lb	500-600
		gm	225-300
		oz	2000-2750
		gm	15-20
		oz	130-200
		oz	100-150
		oz	2000-2800

Hawaii

Puna buds	puffing up	oz	150-200
Kona gold	banana-size buds	lb	1500-1950
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	150-200
Maui wowie	kick in the head	lb	1500-1900
LSD	fresh from the lab	oz	150-190
Mushrooms	for cheap	lb	1500-1750
Cocaine	not a big mover	oz	125-200
Amphetamines	speedy relief	gm	1600-2200
		oz	2-4
		one	free
		gm	75-125
		oz	1800-2500
		one	2

WEST GERMANY

Moroccan hash	fresh	gm	7
Leb hash	reds, golds	oz	95
LSD	50 mike blotter	kg	4000
		gm	4
		oz	60
		one	5

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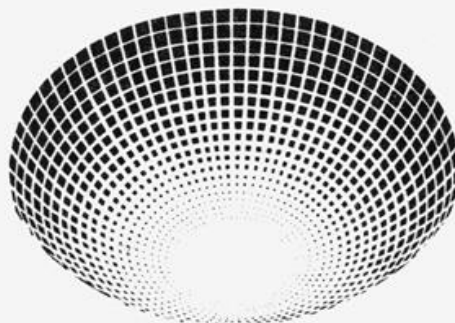
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Remember "Stop That Train," the great reggae song that helped put the Wailers on the map in the '70s? If the song makes you think of Bob Marley, you've made a big mistake, because the man who wrote and arranged the tune, then played virtually all the instruments on it to boot, was Peter Tosh. Though Tosh was overshadowed in the Wailers by the charismatic presence of the late Marley, Tosh was the band's musical director and as such was one of the central figures in reggae's development.

Tosh is said to have invented the hypnotic, undulating rhythm-guitar patterns that serve as reggae's foundation, and his playing on the Wailers' brilliant 1973 debut LP, *Catch a Fire*, set a performance standard for the music that virtually all subsequent reggae must be judged against.

Catch a Fire was unlike most debut records in that it was the product of a group that had been together for a decade; Tosh, Marley and Bunny Livingston ("Wailer"), who met in Kingston's Trenchtown ghetto in the early '60s,

had already established themselves as the innovative masters of the form via a number of great singles before *Catch a Fire* introduced them, and reggae, to the world at large.

Here was a band with a maturity and beauty in their musical concept akin to America's the Band (the opening track, "Concrete Jungle," enforces the comparison), as well as a similar grasp of the deepest cultural currents of their society. The Wailers were relentless in their determination to counter political and economic oppression in their songs, yet their message was delivered with such compassion and attention to sociological detail that the effect was never one of single-minded sloganeering.

The Wailers broke up shortly after coming to worldwide attention, and though Marley continued to use the name for his own group, Tosh elected to begin a solo career that was characterized by an increasingly political commitment in his songwriting. As Tosh made himself a symbol of the Rasta principles and a strident critic of Jamaican society, he became a political

target. In 1975, before the better-known political reprisals against Marley began, Tosh was arrested by Jamaican police for his religious practice of smoking ganja and was brutally beaten. Far from being scared off by this brutality, however, Tosh was prompted to write "Mark of the Beast," which was banned from Jamaican radio, and "Legalize It," a promarijuana song that became a huge hit in Jamaica even though it, too, was banned from radio play. The following album, *Equal Rights*, stepped up the intensity of Tosh's political message and once again prompted Jamaican authorities to reprisal: The singer was beaten nearly to death by Jamaican police in 1978.

Tosh subsequently was signed to Rolling Stones records and released two records, *Bush Doctor* and *Mystic Man*, on which Rolling Stones Mick Jagger and Keith Richards helped him and which demonstrated an attempt by Tosh to push the conceptual limits of reggae music to incorporate other styles. Generally this took the form of a softer, more lyrical ap-

proach, which unfortunately prompted many people to accuse Tosh of deserting reggae.

Wanted: Dread and Alive (SO17055), the new album, should silence those who've felt that Tosh turned his back on the music, because it's a strong set of songs that shifts easily from the hard-edged reggae of "Coming in Hot," "The Poor Man Feel It" and "That's What They Will Do" to more experimental music like "Fools Die" and even standard R&B with "Nothing But Love."

I found Tosh an entertaining and articulate speaker, but the transcript of his conversation doesn't transfer efficiently: The linear medium of the printed word turns some of his language into gibberish, and in a few cases, his actual meaning was only served by rephrasing his words. It occurred to me that his language would be best translated as verse, with the proper pauses inserted between phrases in order to communicate the subtle interline emphasis that is so important to understanding Tosh. You have to try to hear him talking as you read, to surrender your imagination to the languid rhythms of his speech pattern. As we talked in his Manhattan hotel room, Tosh drank a brown banana porridge, his breakfast, from a Thermos. On the table next to him was a well-thumbed Bible and two empty Johnny Walker Black bottles filled with a pastel liquid prescribed for Tosh by bush doctors. The homemade labels bore intricate inscriptions with invocations to Jah.

HIGH TIMES: The new record is really amazing. I don't believe I've ever heard a record associated with reggae that has encompassed so much. It's a very broad-based reggae music, yet not in the sense that it goes away from its roots.

TOSH: It varies, goes in many different angles. You see, most people who listen to reggae music don't know what reggae music is all about. Many artists who play reggae music are influenced musicians who only can create an idea from an idea. Or paint a picture from a picture. Well, when you're inspired, when you enter the garden of inspiration, then you can see the difference of the beauty of the music, see? And reggae music is a very spiritual music. You have to be spiritual to enter the garden of inspiration. When you enter the garden of inspiration there's so much different music, it's like going to a flower garden where you see blue flowers, white flowers, pink flowers, green flowers. All of them is beautiful. So when you go and explore that garden you can pick, choose and refuse because inspiration is unfinishable, see. And what you heard on this album is just a fraction of a fraction of inspiration within the garden, see.

HIGH TIMES: The last song on the record, "Fools Die," is so beautiful. I've never heard anything like that. Had you ever tried anything like that before?

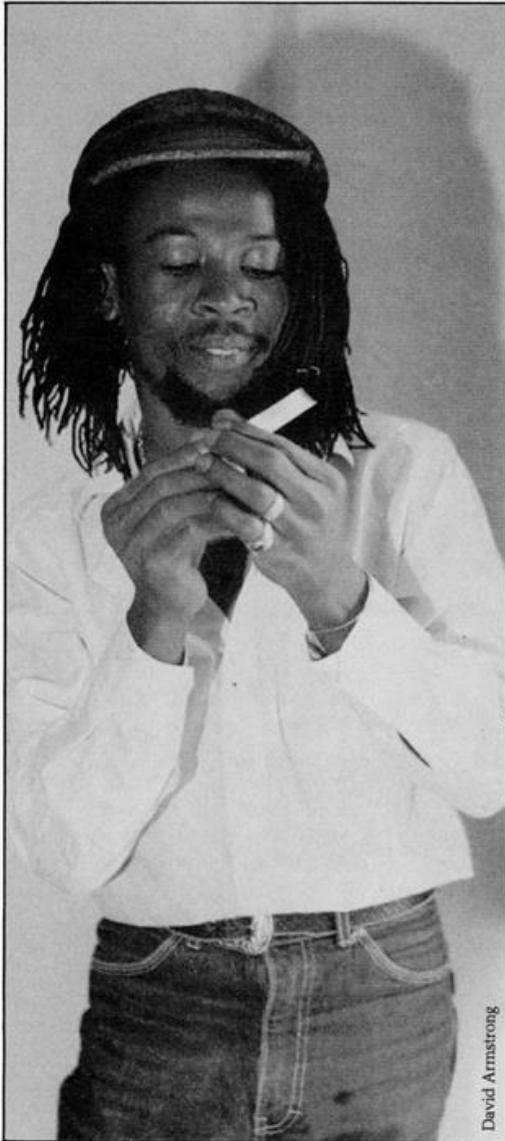
TOSH: Well, I did a song approximately similar to that which was "Creation," which is the final song on the *Mystic Man* album, which has the same kind of idea. I woke up in the morning and I went into the bushes

Tosh

DREAD AND ALIVE

BY JOHN SWENSON

CAPTURED:



David Armstrong

HIGH TIMES: I have noticed that you have been criticized for supposedly going away from reggae and yet first of all you practically created it.

TOSH: As I say people who hear reggae music does not really know what reggae music is unless they have been painting this picture every time. And in the garden of inspiration there is so much beauty, different ways of painting the picture which is the right spiritual way.

Most people who hear reggae music think that reggae music should be only drum and bass and a guitar going *chick-a*, and an organ or a piano going strong. But reggae music is one of the most symphonic music in the world. It takes many instruments as well as it can take three or four instruments to make it. But I who is an architect... Because is not everyone who make reggae music is an architect, see. And you have many shoemaker who tries to build house, but it is impossible. It is like an apple tree trying to be a mango. See? But I know how to create the ideas for it to be highly acceptable.

**"It was me who put
Bob Marley's first
finger on a guitar.
I said, 'This is C, this
is G, this is A.'"**

where the birds were singing their song—it was about five-thirty, six—and just taped the birds. And I went by the brook where the water was flowing down the hillside, and taped the sound of that. I went by the seaside and I taped the sea flowing in on the edge of the shore, and combined them together. And created the idea called "Creation." And it was very beautiful.

HIGH TIMES: Then there's also your beautiful singing on "The Poor Man Feel It."

TOSH: Yeah mon. I love that song too. Very beautiful. And because, you see, there are so much poor people in the world. It's like eighty percent of the world is poor. See? And whenever you have rise, inflation rises and cost of living steppin' up and people wages is stationary and the shitstem continue to be the same way. And all the people get these promises from politicians what they will do ten years later. Ten years accomplish and nothing happens, and the same shitstem goes on over and over again and the people remain the same way. So because I know of the situation that exists, and I know that people who suffer at similar situation will sing a song like this as a national anthem. So that's the reason why I sang this song for the people, the poor people. See.

Reggae music has a spiritual hypnosis. It automatically hypnotizes the ears and it gets to the mind. And you find your finger flicking [*snaps fingers*] and your head going like this [*bobs head*] without you even being conscious of what going on. So when you can create that idea you are in the garden of inspiration. And no one who does not know how to architectuate the music can tell me what reggae music is. Because reggae music varies. It goes in many angles. Because even the song like you said "Fools Die," I can play it in reggae, see, and it's the same beauty. So people who don't know what the music is cannot tell me what the music is. As I say, a mango tree cannot be an apple.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of other reggae performers? Black Uhuru for a start.

TOSH: I love every reggae music. And I love every reggae musicians. As I say, it is not everyone paint the same picture. While the same time, everyone have to live. It is not everyone who has the same spiritual ingredients, but everyone has to live. And as I say, is not everyone who make a shoe is a shoemaker. But everyone has to live. You have cabinet makers who make shoes, you have tailors who make shoes, you see? Everyone have to live.

HIGH TIMES: How about the Police, say?

Do you like what they have done?

TOSH: Who?

HIGH TIMES: With reggae.

TOSH: Who?

HIGH TIMES: The Police.

TOSH: Oh. The Police are being influenced by the music and that only proves the potential of reggae music to the world. That reggae has a potential, but because of the political shitstem to keep black people down they would prefer to have the *Police* establish reggae music and make it look like they are the *origination* of reggae music, which we know they are only an influence of the music. But let them live. Because who had created the idea will one day get the recognition. If three million people buy the Police music, those three million people will know that Police is not the foundation of reggae music. And soon they will want to investigate where this music came from.

HIGH TIMES: I have seen it written that you invented or discovered the rhythm-guitar style that is commonly used in reggae.

TOSH: Yeah.

HIGH TIMES: Is that true?

TOSH: Well, it is my idea. Is a concept that came out of me about when I was with the Wailers from about 1971, that idea began coming in and now it reached a stage that I can take it many angles. It's like, when I play my guitars, like I hear a machine gun firing shots. Tch-tcha-tch-tcha-tch, and maintain the same tempo because most people who play reggae, they play it like this: *chick-a... chick-a... chick-a*. But within that tempo I can *chicka-cha... chicka-chicka... chicka-chicka-chicka-chicka-chicka* in the same tempo and it is not distorted and it does not depreciate the rhythm or anything. It just syncopate the beat and, you know, create a beauty around the other instrument that does not clashes with no other instrument. And it takes an architect to do that. And since I have been playing that, many people have been influenced by that because I hear many songs that a lot of guys try to play the same. You know?

But it is good when something beautiful can be influenced by someone because there is no laws that say that one must not adopt or be influenced by the beauty of something. So it makes me feel good when someone try to play it, but they should come to me or see me do it when they learn how to do it. Don't *listen* and then try to do it because it can create conflicts within the music if you don't know how to syncopate it so that it does not clash with the rest of your instruments.

HIGH TIMES: Did you teach Keith Richards to play it?

TOSH: Uhn-uhn. Because Keith Richards does not play reggae. With Keith Richards, I was in the studios once when I was doing I think it was *Bush Doctor*. I was recording I can't remember which song, and he came into the studio and took up his guitar and started playing something. I don't know. I say, "That sound good, play it now." He just did it and it sounded right. But he don't play

TOSH: With a piece of board and fishing line and a sardine pan, and I got sound and it sounded good. And I even tuned it myself without even asking somebody to tune it, and I played it. People used to throw pen-

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HIGH TIMES 35



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nies, because it sounded good. It was a concept of creativity that was in me for some time.

HIGH TIMES: What had you heard? What kind of music had you heard when you were five years old?

TOSH: Well, when I was five years old there was plenty country and western music on the air and Elvis Presley and all those kind of music. All ancient white pop or rock artists we used to hear. I used to hear them plenty on the radio. But I was not influenced by that music.

I was born a musician, see. And after I learned to play a guitar my mother send me to piano lessons and I did that for about eight months. And when I did it for about six months the woman say she never seen anyone—she teaches many people to play the piano—she never seen anyone who learn the music so quick, see. That I could play jazz, and I could get into it, and know the keys because I play it on the keyboard. It was like I don't remember how to play a piano because I was so overwhelmed and enthusiastic over how the guitar sound. And I just put piano back behind and start to get into the rhythm guitar because I thought there was something very effective in the rhythm with guitar. And I loved it from that. It was like it was part piano.

HIGH TIMES: I always was really affected by your organ playing as well. The beginning of "Concrete Jungle" is amazing.

TOSH: Yes. Well, those are times when I had to play approximately... The only thing I didn't play was bass and drums. Because we didn't have no money to pay the musicians to do these things, so I have to play the piano, I have to play the organ, I have to play the rhythm guitar, and do what I could do, percussion and all those things, to make the music beautiful. From the start with *Catch a Fire* to *Burning*—we had albums like *Soul Rebel*, *Soul Revolution* and one they call *The Best of the Wailers*—and all the music that we used to do with the Wailers, it was I who used to decorate, add my fingers to make it beautiful on keyboards and guitars because we couldn't pay.

HIGH TIMES: You said you played everything except bass?

TOSH: Well, I played bass, too, but I prefer to play the keyboards. And I could play the drums, and I can play the drum because that syncopated percussiveness is in me. But all the time I even told myself that I am going to make a song that... I am going to play everything, drum, bass, guitar, piano, synthesizer, everything. To give a whole picture from me.

HIGH TIMES: So you actually arranged the entire Wailers' sound.

TOSH: Approximately all of them. Well, on "Concrete Jungle," many of them, "Stir It Up," and the first one we did which did well in Jamaica was one called "Bend Down Low." The only time I didn't do it was if I was not in the studio at the time. But if I was leaving for the studio we would have to dub it on later.

HIGH TIMES: I always loved "Stop That Train," too. That's one of my favorite reggae songs.

TOSH: Yes, yes. I love that music, too.

HIGH TIMES: How did you write that? Was that a real image that you had that you suddenly—

TOSH: Yes, that was an idea. Well, this was after singing with the Wailers over twelve years. And it was like singing with the Wailers it was like driving a train. When you are still driving on a train for twelve years, and I realize that now comes the time for me to manifest myself. So I just wrote the song "Stop that Train": "I am leaving, it won't be too long." It was about a couple of months after I just started on my own. That was about 1973.

HIGH TIMES: It seems really weird, I guess, the way that you were harassed politically when you went on your own. And then Bob Marley, they tried to assassinate him. Do you see that as a part of one mind trying to stop both of you or what you stood for?

TOSH: I see it was politically motivated.

**"When you take drugs
it distorts the mind,
and when the mind
is distorted
it creates conflict."**

There are always elements there to try to stop anything that is awakening to black people. If there is one who try to give a message to black people, there is always obstacles. They always try to put obstacles in the way. But because I know that I was not influenced by what I was doing, it was a divine inspiration that came to me to do this work. For example, I don't look at myself as a singer. I look at myself as a preacher, as a missionary who comes to preach and to teach and to awake the slumbering mentality of black people. Because this is not something new. So it was in the beginning. From thousands of years ago there has always been preachers who go around and preach and teach and tell the people of the true and living, see. And tell the people how to live. Teach the people what is right from wrong. So because the world now today is divided into two, you have the good and bad. Whatever time you start to deal with good it becomes so political that bad gets jealous and try to put obstacles in your way. They try everything to stop you. From the start they tried everything to stop me. The last time they tried was 1978.

HIGH TIMES: You were beaten twice, right?

TOSH: Yeah, 1978 was the last time, when about ten police took me in a cell and beat

me in the head. That even now my central nerve system is still exposed.

HIGH TIMES: You are scarred on the face, too.

TOSH: Yeah, mon. Well, this was a car crash. That was another spiritual element. Many ways they try to stop you from doing what you intend to do because you have the masters of evil who can sit in his room and can bring evil devices to pass that you become the victim of the shitstem and knows not what took place, if you are not seeing from that spiritual point of view. Because if you cannot see between the lines you become a victim of the shitstem. And if you are not in line with the creator, people can *move* you off the earth as easily as that.

HIGH TIMES: You believe in imminent redemption, though, that we live in apocalyptic times. You don't really believe in death, right?

TOSH: No. Death is an element that is created. And when you fear death, that is when death take holds upon you. When you do the things that ignite death, that is when death takes hold upon you. When you keep yourself, your whole temple, mind and soul in one concept, one aim and one destiny with the father, then you avoid death because Jah say he will not have I to dash I foot against a stone. Or to have any elements of destruction that lurks in any dark places to destroy I. For example, you may walk into pits, see, you may stumble over obstacles, but when you fall you can rise, but those who don't praise the divine creator with their whole heart, soul and mind will die. See, because you have many who say but they don't do. It's not *what* you say it's *what* you *do* that protect you from the element of death.

HIGH TIMES: Was Bob Marley not protected?

TOSH: Well, if he was protected he would be here, see? But, when one dies is for those who live to see that one dies, and is not for you to walk in the same road because of one's mistake is another one's beefsteak. See?

HIGH TIMES: Well, since you are a vegetarian, that's a particularly loaded line.

TOSH: Well, when you say beefsteak, you have vegetarian beefsteaks, which is no meat contents.

HIGH TIMES: There was the sense that Marley took credit for a lot of things that you actually did, and in fact, I saw his name on some of your songs, like "400 Years."

TOSH: Yes, many of them. Many songs. And many songs I didn't even... many songs I did where I didn't get no credit whatsoever. But I am not working for credit from men, see. So when you get credit from men, soon you get a *tomb* and a *coffin*. I don't want no credit from men. My credit comes from the creator. And when I get credit from the creator I am protected from the evils of men. That's why I try to do positive things. Because he who steals me steals destruction. So men can keep their credits. That will not get men further.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of the fact that now that Bob Marley is dead people are saying that you are the king of reggae?

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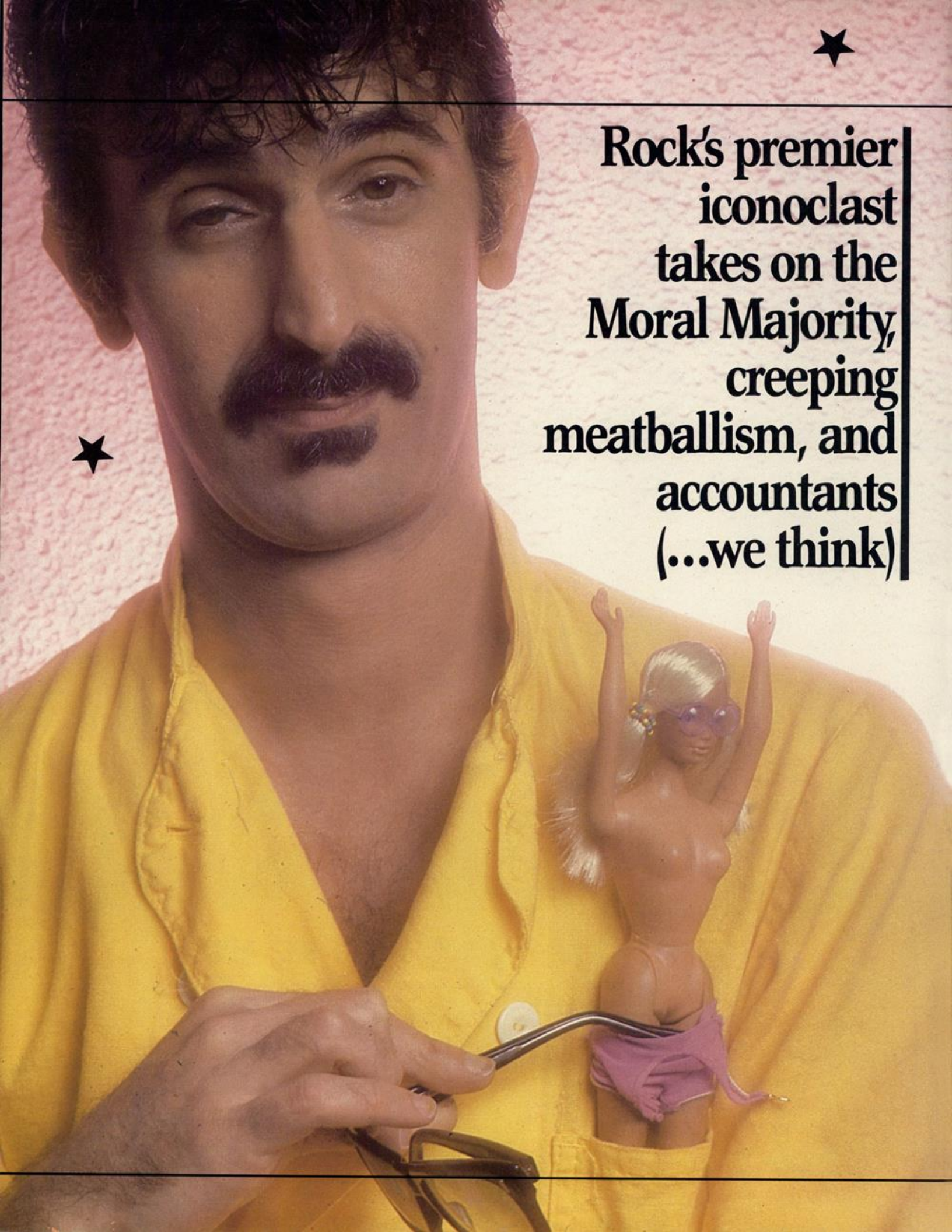
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SAY GHEESE

It has been suggested that the GNP is perhaps not the best indicator of how well we are doing as a society since it tells us nothing about the *Quality of Our Lives*... but, *is this something worth dwelling upon as we grovel our way along in the general direction of the 21st century?* When future historians write about us, if they base their conclusions on whatever material goods survive from Present-Day America, we will undoubtedly stand alone among nations and be known forevermore as "THOSE WHO CHOSE CHEESE."

As you will recall, folks, nobody ever had as much going for them in the beginning as we did. Let's face it... we were fantastic. Today, unfortunately, we are merely *WEIRD*. This is a shocking thing to say, since no Red-Blooded American likes to think of him- or herself as being *WEIRD*, but when there are other options and a whole nation *CHOOSES CHEESE*, that is *WEIRD*.

Our mental health has been in a semi-wretched condition for quite some time now. One of the reasons for this distress, aside from *CHOOSING CHEESE* as a way of life, is the fact that we have (against some incredibly stiff competition) emerged victorious as the biggest bunch of liars on the face of the planet. No society has managed to invest more time and energy in the perpetuation of the fiction that it is *moral, sane and wholesome* than our current crop of *Modern Americans*.

This same delusion is the Mysterious Force behind our national desire to avoid behaving in any way that might be construed as *INTELLIGENT*. *Modern Americans* behave as if intelligence were some sort of hideous deformity. To cosmetize it, many otherwise normal citizens attempt a peculiar type of self-inflicted homemade mental nose job (designed to lower the recipient's sociointellectual profile to the point where the ability to communicate on the most mongolian level provides the necessary *certification* to become *ONE OF THE GUYS*). Let's face it... nobody wants to hang out with somebody who is smarter than they are. This is not fun.

Americans have always valued the idea of *FUN*. We have a National Craving for *FUN*. We don't get very much of it anymore, so we do two things: first, we rummage around for *anything* that *might* be *FUN*, then (since it really wasn't *FUN* stuff in the first place) we *pretend* to enjoy it (*whatever it was*). The net result: *STRESSED CHEESE*.

But where does all this *CHEESE* really come from? It wouldn't be fair to blame it all on TV, although some credit must be given to whoever it is at each of the networks that *GIVES US WHAT WE WANT*. (*You don't ask, you don't get.*) Folks, we now have got it... lots of it... and, in our Infinite American Wisdom, we have constructed elaborate systems to insure that future generations will have an even more abundant supply of that fragrant substance upon which we presently thrive.

If we can't blame it on the TV, then where *does* it come from? Obviously, we are weird if we have to ask such a question. Surely we must realize by now (except for the fact that we lie to ourselves so much that we get confused sometimes) that as *Contemporary Americans* we have an almost magical ability to turn anything we touch into a festering mound of self-destructing poo.

How can we do this with such incredible precision? Well, one

good way is to form a *Committee*. *Committees* composed of all kinds of desperate American Types have been known to convert the combined unfulfilled emotional needs and repressed biological urges of their memberships into complex masses of cheeselike organisms at the rap of a gavel. *Committee Cheese* is usually sliced very thin, then bound into volumes for eventual dispersal in courts of law, legislative chambers, and public facilities where you are invited to *eat all you want*.

If that doesn't fill you up, there's the exciting *Union Cheese*, the most readily available cheese type offered. The thing that's so exciting about *Union Cheese*, from a gourmet's point of view, is the classic simplicity of the mathematical formula from which it is derived. In fact, it is difficult to avoid a state of Total Ecstasy if one contemplates the proposition that *no import quota yet devised has proven equal to the task of neutralizing the lethal emissions generated by the ripening process of this piquant native confection*. Should we not be overtaken by some unspeakable emotion when we consider the fact that the *smaller* the amount of care taken in the preparation of each *Union Cheese Artifact*, the *more triumphant the blast* as the vapors stream forth from every nook and cranny of whatever it was that the stalwart craftsman got paid \$19 per hour to slap together?

Still hungry? *Union Cheese* might be the most readily available, but no type of cheese in America today has achieved the popular acceptance of *Accountant Cheese*. If it is true that *YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT*, then surely our national willingness to eat *this stuff* tells us more about ourselves than we probably wish to know. Obviously we have found *The Cheese to Believe In*. Why not? It is manufactured by people who *count money*, endorsed as *nutritionally sound* by Civic Leaders, and delivered by The Media door to door.

The *Quality of Our Lives* (if we think of this matter in terms of "How much of what we individually consider to be *Beautiful* are we able to experience every day?") seems an irrelevant matter, now that all decisions regarding the creation and distribution of *Works of Art* must first pass *under the limbo bar* (a.k.a. "The Bottom Line"), along with things like *Taste* and *The Public Interest*, all tied like a tin can to the wagging tail of the second *Prime Rate Poodle*. The aforementioned *festering poo* is coming your way at a theater or drive-in near you. It wakes you up every morning as it droozles out of your digital clock radio. An *ARTS COUNCIL* somewhere is getting a special batch ready with little tuxedos on it so you can think it's *precious*.

Yes, Virginia... there is a *FREE LUNCH*. We are eating it now. Can I get you a napkin? □



BY FRANK ZAPPA



BY TOM CLARK

DAMON RUNYON

FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE BROADWAY BEAT

In 1932, when Al Capone packed up to vacate his Florida beach house for the last time—he was about to relocate to a federal prison on a tax-evasion rap—he gave away his prize pair of whippets to a neighbor and fellow dog lover, the owner of a small villa just across the bay from Capone's. The recipient was a well-known newspaperman whom Capone had known for years, and who was at that time writing Al into one of his very popular magazine tales of the underworld. The newspaperman's name was Damon Runyon.

The friendship was consistent with the outlaw code Runyon took as his personal philosophy. To live outside the law you must be honest, the saying used to go. Runyon rearranged it to read: To live outside the law you must be an interesting character, and anyway, no one is more honest than he has to be.

A little independent enterprise, such as larceny, was never something Runyon held against a man. He himself had outlaw roots. "My father was a product of the six-gun West," Runyon's son wrote in a memoir. "At one time in his prowls as a youth he actual-

ly packed a six-gun." That was in Denver at the turn of the century, where Runyon cut his writing teeth in the style of the frontier reporter—on shot glasses and shotguns.

Born in Kansas in 1880, Runyon grew up in Colorado a newspaper and saloon orphan. His mother died when he was seven. His father, ex-Indian fighter, itinerant printer and publisher, gave him a solid foot-of-the-barstool education in the classics. According to most accounts, he left school in the fourth grade, and spent his early years wandering barefoot on the mean streets of the steel-mill town of Pueblo. He was smoking cigarettes at age 9, drinking whiskey at 15, and not long afterwards packing that six-gun his son mentions.

From his father, a philosophical individualist, Runyon inherited a great respect for such independent types as gamblers and sportsmen and outlaws, together with a great curiosity about their exploits, both of which would remain with him for the rest of his life. So would his old man's cynicism about religion, politics, high finance and so-called polite society; and also his old man's view of women as a deeply untrustworthy

species. But perhaps the most important family legacy handed down from father to son was a great loyalty to the profession and life of newspapering.

Many years later, when Damon Runyon was a household word wherever newspapers were sold in this country, Damon's own son wrote him a letter expressing discouragement over the possibilities of a journalism career. "You say you don't know if you will ever be more than a better than average reporter," Damon wrote back. "Well, my boy, I think that is better than being king."

Apprenticed as a printer's devil at the *Pueblo Evening News*, where his father worked at the time, Runyon had his first reporting assignment at 14, to cover a lynching. This would be a rough job for most boys of that tender age, but young Damon had already worked as a telegrapher's messenger in the red-light district. He did the job. The next year he was made a full-fledged news reporter. Two years after that, he'd moved over to the *Pueblo Evening Post*, where he received his first byline.

When the battleship *Maine* was sunk in



Havana harbor, the 17-year-old reporter rushed out to enlist in the war against Spain. Turned down because of his age by a Colorado cavalry enlistment office, he headed north and talked his way into the Minnesota volunteers. A month later, he was fighting as an infantryman in the Philippines. Apparently he experienced combat against Moro insurgents, though the details are lost in legend, Runyon's own later mythologizing and the sentimentalities of his Kipling-esque verse of the period.

By the beginning of the century he was back in the States, free-riding the rails around Colorado between short-term newspaper jobs. His vagabond journalistic life led Runyon from Denver to San Francisco, then back to Denver, where he landed on the payroll of the *Rocky Mountain News* in 1906. It was his four-year stint with the *News* that established him as a notable reporter, famed for his stunt-oriented feature writing, his personal handle on news stories and his unusual powers of observation. He also won a small local reputation as a poet, as well as a large one for his drinking—no trivial feat in a ripsnorting community

where, in the words of one pioneer of the period, "them swinging doors never stopped twenty-four hours a day!"

Around 1910, however, Runyon gave up the bottle, apparently in order to win the hand of Ellen Egan, pretty society reporter of the *News*—and also because, as he later told his son, "I wanted to go places." Thereafter, as he once joked, he "became positively famous for hanging out with drunks and never touching a drop." To many who knew him in later years, when he smoked three packs of cigarettes and drank 60 cups of coffee every day, Runyon seemed to have a sharp and sour disposition much of the time—a fact that may be attributed to his early decision to swear off alcohol. The appearance of aloofness was reinforced by his laconic demeanor and occasional long silences. He was reputed to have suffered the long train ride from New York to the Yankee training camp in New Orleans with friend and fellow sportswriter Bill McGeehan in 1923 without saying a single word except for a dry "okay" in response to McGeehan's "nice trip" as they arrived at their destination.

Runyon was 30 when he went off to New York to find his fortune as a writer. His first job in the big city was in the sports department at the Hearst morning paper, the *New York American*. His lively reporting of the New York Giants' spring baseball camp in 1911 won him an audience and, shortly, a raise. Ellen Egan moved East from Denver to marry him. She gave Damon a daughter in 1914 and a son in 1918, both births occurring when he was off covering baseball games. This was a regularity chez Runyon: Father was never at home.

By the early '20s Runyon was the star feature writer, news reporter and sports columnist of the Hearst empire. He earned \$25,000 a year—a paycheck well above the standard scribe's income in that time, and one made possible by the dog-eat-dog circulation wars that drove competitive newspapers to pay stylish salaries to their best-read writers.

Runyon was now able to put Ellen up in the expensive fashion she fancied, and also to develop refined tastes of his own in dining and dressing. But his schedule as a

continued on page 95

BY DAMON RUNYON

BLOOD PRESSURE

IT IS MAYBE ELEVEN-THIRTY OF A WEDNESDAY NIGHT, AND I AM standing at the corner of Forty-eighth Street and Seventh Avenue, thinking about my blood pressure, which is a proposition I never before think much about.

In fact, I never hear of my blood pressure before this Wednesday afternoon when I go around to see Doc Brennan about my stomach, and he puts a gag on my arm and tells me that my blood pressure is higher than a cat's back, and the idea is for me to be careful about what I eat, and to avoid excitement, or I may pop off all of a sudden when I am least expecting it.

"A nervous man such as you with a blood pressure away up in the paint cards must live quietly," Doc Brennan says. "Ten bucks, please," he says.

Well, I am standing there thinking it is not going to be so tough to avoid excitement the way things are around this town right now, and wishing I have my ten bucks back to bet it on Sun Beau in the fourth race at Pimlico the next day, when all of a sudden I look up, and who is in front of me but Rusty Charley.

Now if I have any idea Rusty Charley is coming my way, you can go and bet all the coffee in Java I will be somewhere else at once, for Rusty Charley is not a guy I wish to have any truck with whatever. In fact, I wish no part of him. Furthermore, nobody else in this town wishes to have any part of Rusty Charley, for he is a hard guy indeed. In fact, there is no harder guy anywhere in the world. He is a big wide guy with two large hard hands and a great deal of very bad disposition, and he thinks nothing of knocking people down and stepping on their kissers if he feels like it.

In fact, this Rusty Charley is what is called a gorill, because he is known to often carry a gun in his pants pocket, and sometimes to shoot people down as dead as door nails with it if he does not like the way they wear their hats—and Rusty Charley is very critical of hats. The chances are Rusty Charley shoots many a guy in this man's town, and those he does not shoot he sticks with his shiv—which is a knife—and the only reason he is not in jail is because he just gets out if it, and the law does not have time to think up something to put him back in again for.

Anyway, the first think I know about Rusty Charley being in my neighborhood is when I hear him saying: "Well, well, well, here we are!"

Then he grabs me by the collar, so it is no use of me thinking of taking it on the lam away from there, although I greatly wish to do so.

"Hello, Rusty," I say, very pleasant. "What is the score?"

"Everything is about even," Rusty says. "I am glad to see you, because I am looking for company. I am over in Philadelphia for three days on business."

"I hope and trust that you do all right for yourself in Philly, Rusty," I say; but his news makes me very nervous, because I am a great hand for reading the papers and I have a pretty good idea what Rusty's business in Philly is. It is only the day before that I see a little item from Philly in the papers about how Gloomy Gus Smallwood, who is a very large operator in the alcohol business there, is guzzled right at his front door.

Of course I do not know that Rusty Charley is the party who guzzles Gloomy Gus Smallwood, but Rusty Charley is in Philly when Gus is guzzled, and I can put two and two together as well as anybody. It is the same thing as if there is a bank robbery in Cleveland, Ohio, and Rusty Charley is in Cleveland, Ohio, or near there. So I am very nervous, and I figure it is a sure thing my blood pressure is going up every second.

"How much dough do you have on you?" Rusty says. "I am plumb broke."

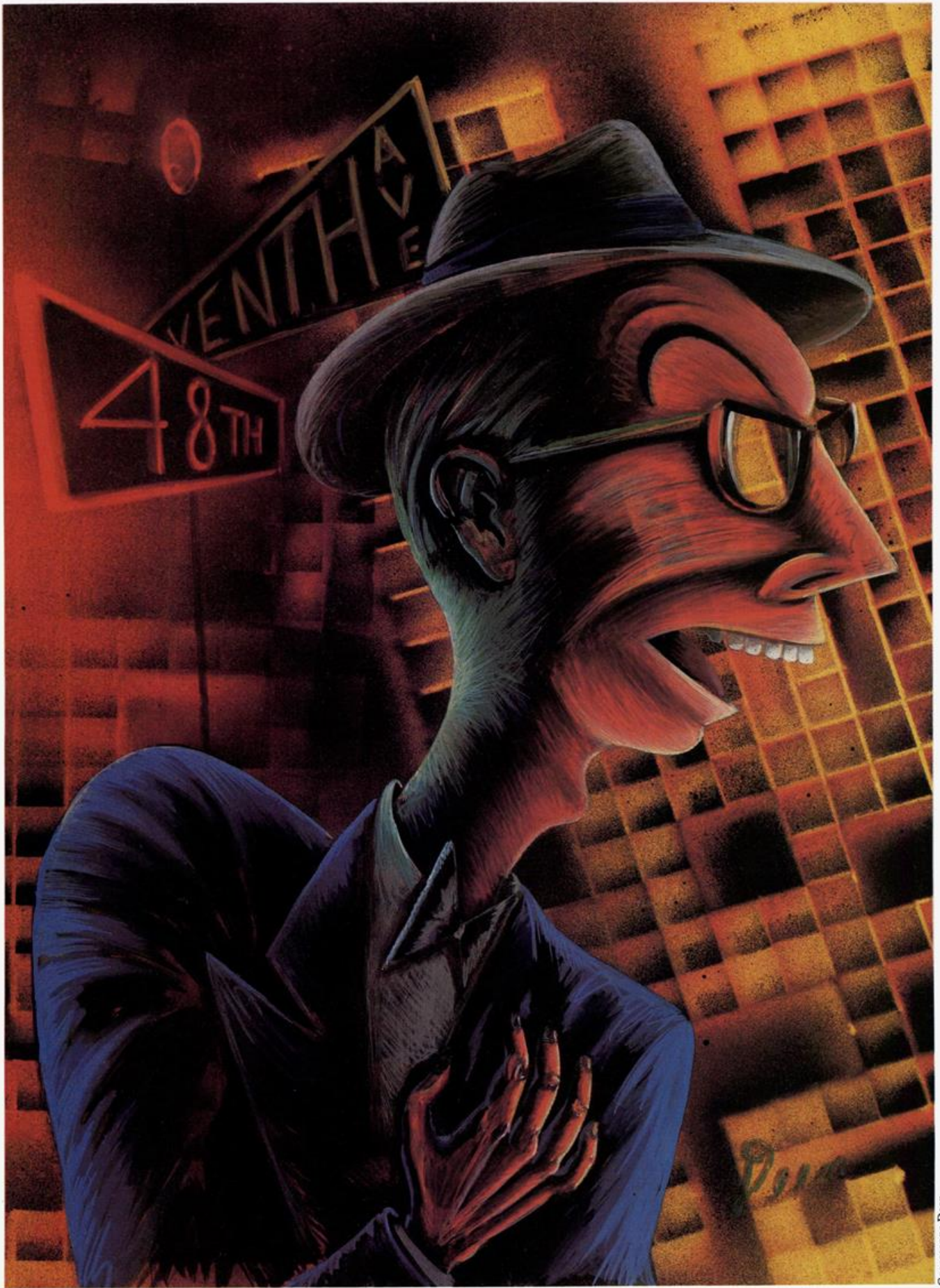
"I do not have more than a couple of bobs, Rusty," I say. "I pay a doctor ten bucks today to find out my blood pressure is very bad. But of course you are welcome to what I have."

"Well, a couple of bobs is no good to high-class guys like you and me," Rusty says. "Let us go to Nathan Detroit's crap game and win some money."

Now, of course, I do not wish to go to Nathan Detroit's crap game; and if I do wish to go there I do not wish to go with Rusty Charley, because a guy is sometimes judged by the company he keeps, especially around crap games, and Rusty Charley is apt to be considered bad company. Anyway, I do not have any dough to shoot craps with, and if I do have dough to shoot craps with, I will not shoot craps with it at all, but will bet it on Sun Beau, or maybe take it home and pay off some of the overhead around my joint, such as rent.

Furthermore, I remember what Doc Brennan tells me about avoiding excitement, and I know there is apt to be excitement around Nathan Detroit's crap game if Rusty Charley goes there, and maybe run my blood pressure up and cause me to pop off very unexpected. In fact, I already feel my blood jumping more than somewhat inside me, but naturally I am not going to give Rusty Charley any argument, so we go to Nathan Detroit's crap game.

This crap game is over a garage in Fifty-second Street this particular night, though sometimes it is over a restaurant in Forty-seventh Street, or in back of a cigar store in Forty-fourth Street. In fact, Nathan Detroit's crap game is apt to be



Georgianne Deen

anywhere, because it moves around every night, as there is no sense in a crap game staying in one spot until the coppers find out where it is.

So Nathan Detroit moves his crap game from spot to spot, and citizens wishing to do business with him have to ask where he is every night; and of course almost everybody on Broadway knows this, as Nathan Detroit has guys walking up and down, and around and about, telling the public his address, and giving out the password for the evening.

Well, Jack the Beefer is sitting in an automobile outside the garage in Fifty-second Street when Rusty Charley and I come along, and he says "Kansas City," very low, as we pass, this being the password for the evening; but we do not have to use any password whatever when we climb the stairs over the garage, because the minute Solid John, the doorman, peeks out through his peephole when we knock, and sees Rusty Charley with me, he opens up very quick indeed, and gives us a big castor-oil smile, for nobody in this town is keeping doors shut on Rusty Charley very long.

It is a very dirty room over the garage, and full of smoke, and the crap game is on an old pool table; and around the table and packed in so close you cannot get a knitting needle between any two guys with a mawl, are all the high shots in town, for there is plenty of money around at this time, and many citizens are very prosperous. Furthermore, I wish to say there are some very tough guys around the table, too, including guys who will shoot you in the head, or maybe the stomach, and think nothing whatever about the matter.

In fact, when I see such guys as Harry the Horse, from Brooklyn, and Sleepout Sam Levinsky, and Lone Louie, from Harlem, I know this is a bad place for my blood pressure, for these are very tough guys indeed, and are known as such to one and all in this town.

But there they are wedged up against the table with Nick the Greek, Big Nig, Gray John, Okay Okun, and many other high shots, and they all have big coarse G notes in their hands which they are tossing around back and forth as if these G notes are nothing but pieces of waste paper.

On the outside of the mob at the table are a lot of small operators who are trying to cram their fists in between the high shots now and then to get down a bet, and there are also guys present who are called Shylocks, because they will lend you dough when you go broke at the table, on watches or rings, or maybe cuff links, at very good interest.

Well, as I say, there is no room at the table for as many as one more very thin guy when we walk into the joint, but Rusty Charley lets out a big hello as we enter, and the guys all look around, and the next minute there is space at the table big enough not only for Rusty Charley but for me too. It really is quite magical the way there is suddenly room for us where there is no room whatever for anybody when we come in.

"Who is the gunner?" Rusty Charley asks, looking all around.

"Why, you are, Charley," Big Nig, the stick man in the game, says very quick, handing Charley a pair of dice, although afterward I hear that his pal is right in the middle of a roll trying to make nine when we step up to the table. Everybody is very quiet, just looking at Charley. Nobody pays any attention to me, because I am known to one and all as a guy who is just around, and nobody figures me in on any part of Charley, although Harry the Horse looks at me once in a way that I know is no good for my blood pressure, or for anybody else's blood pressure as far as this goes.

Well, Charley takes the dice and turns to a little guy in a derby hat who is standing next to him scrooching back so Charley will not notice him, and Charley lifts the derby hat off the little guy's head, and rattles the dice in his hand, and chucks them into his hat and goes "Hah!" like crap shooters always do when they are rolling the dice. Then

Charley peeks into the hat and says "Ten," although he does not let anybody else look in the hat, not even me, so nobody knows if Charley throws a ten, or what.

But, of course, nobody around is going to up and doubt that Rusty Charley throws a ten, because Charley may figure it is the same thing as calling him a liar, and Charley is such a guy as is apt to hate being called a liar.

Now Nathan Detroit's crap game is what is called a head-and-head game, although some guys call it a fading game

It is well known to one and all that a guy is apt to lose his life in Knife O'Halloran's any night, even if he does nothing more than drink Knife O'Halloran's liquor.

because the guys bet against each other rather than against the bank, or house. It is just the same kind of game as when two guys get together and start shooting craps against each other, and Nathan Detroit does not have to bother with a regular crap table and a layout such as they have in gambling houses. In fact, about all Nathan Detroit has to do with the game is to find a spot, furnish the dice and take his percentage which is by no means bad.

In such a game as this there is no real action until a guy is out on a point, and then the guys around commence to bet he makes this point, or that he does not make this point, and the odds in any country in the world that a guy does not make a ten with a pair of dice before he rolls seven, is two to one.

Well, when Charley says he rolls ten in the derby hat nobody opens their trap, and Charley looks all around the table, and all of a sudden he sees Jew Louie at one end, although Jew Louie seems to be trying to shrink himself up when Charley's eyes light on him.

"I will take the odds for five C's," Charley says, "and Louie, you get it"—meaning he is letting Louie bet him \$1,000 to \$500 that he does not make his ten.

Now Jew Louie is a small operator at all times and more of a Shylock than he is a player, and the only reason he is up there against the table at all at this moment is because he moves up to lend Nick the Greek some dough; and ordinarily there is no more chance of Jew Louie betting a thousand to five hundred on any proposition whatever than there is of him giving his dough to the Salvation Army, which is no chance at all. It is a sure thing he will never think of betting a thousand to five hundred a guy will not make ten with the dice, and when Rusty Charley tells Louie he has such a bet, Louie starts trembling all over.

The others around the table do not say a word, and so Charley rattles the dice again in his duke, blows on them, and chucks them into the derby hat and says "Hah!" But, of course, nobody can see in the derby hat except Charley, and he peeks in at the dice and says "Five." He rattles the dice once more and chucks them into the derby and says "Hah!" and then after peeking into the hat at the dice he says "Eight." I am commencing to sweat for fear he may heave a seven in

the hat and blow his bet, and I know Charley has no five C's to pay off with, although, of course, I also know Charley has no idea of paying off, no matter what he heaves.

On the next chuck, Charley yells "Money!"—meaning he finally makes his ten, although nobody sees it but him; and he reaches out his hand to Jew Louie, and Jew Louie hands him a big fat G note, very, very slow. In all my life I never see a sadder-looking guy than Louie when he is parting with his dough. If Louie has any idea of asking Charley to let him see the dice in the hat to make sure about the ten, he does not speak about the matter, and as Charley does not seem to wish to show the ten around, nobody else says anything either, probably figuring Rusty Charley is not a guy who is apt to let anybody question his word especially over such a small matter as a ten.

"Well," Charley says, putting Louie's G note in his pocket, "I think this is enough for me tonight," and he hands the derby hat back to the little guy who owns it and motions me to come on, which I am glad to do, as the silence in the joint is making my stomach go up and down inside me, and I know this is bad for my blood pressure. Nobody as much as opens his face from the time we go in until we start out, and you will be surprised how nervous it makes you to be in a big crowd with everybody dead still, especially when you figure it a spot that is liable to get hot any minute. It is only just as we get to the door that anybody speaks, and who is it but Jew Louie, who pipes up and says to Rusty Charley like this:

"Charley," he says, "do you make it the hard way?"

Well, everybody laughs, and we go on out, but I never hear myself whether Charley makes his ten with a six and a four, or with two fives—which is the hard way to make a ten with the dice—although I often wonder about the matter afterward.

I am hoping that I can now get away from Rusty Charley and go on home, because I can see he is the last guy in the world to have around a blood pressure, and, furthermore, that people may get the wrong idea of me if I stick around with him, but when I suggest going to Charley, he seems to be hurt.

"Why," Charley says, "you are a fine guy to be talking of quitting a pal just as we are starting out. You will certainly stay with me because I like company, and we will go down to Ikey the Pig's and play stuss. Ikey is an old friend of mine, and I owe him a complimentary play."

Now, of course, I do not wish to go to Ikey the Pig's, because it is a place away downtown, and I do not wish to play stuss, because this is a game which I am never able to figure out myself, and, furthermore, I remember Doc Brennan says I ought to get a little sleep now and then; but I see no use in hurting Charley's feelings, especially as he is apt to do something drastic to me if I do not go.

So he calls a taxi, and we start downtown for Ikey the Pig's, and the jockey who is driving the short goes so fast that it makes my blood pressure go up a foot to a foot and a half from the way I feel inside, although Rusty Charley pays no attention to the speed. Finally I stick my head out the window and ask the jockey to please take it a little easy, as I wish to get where I am going all in one piece, but the guy only keeps busting along.

We are at the corner of Nineteenth and Broadway when all of a sudden Rusty Charley yells at the jockey to pull up a minute, which the guy does. Then Charley steps out of the cab and says to the jockey like this:

"When a customer asks you to take it easy, why do you not be nice and take it easy? Now see what you get."

And Rusty Charley hauls off and clips the jockey a punch on the chin that knocks the poor guy right off the seat into the street, and then Charley climbs into the seat himself and away we go with Charley driving, leaving the guy stretched out as stiff as a board. Now Rusty Charley once drives a short for a living himself, until the coppers get an idea that he is not always delivering

his customers to the right address, especially such as may happen to be drunk when he gets them, and he is a pretty fair driver, but he only looks one way, which is straight ahead.

Personally, I never wish to ride with Charley in a taxicab under any circumstances, especially if he is driving, because he certainly drives very fast. He pulls up a block from Ikey the Pig's, and says we will leave the short there until somebody finds it and turns it in, but just as we are walking away from the short up steps a copper in uniform and

claims we cannot park the short in this spot without a driver.

Well, Rusty Charley just naturally hates to have coppers give him any advice, so what does he do but peek up and down the street to see if anybody is looking, and then haul off and clout the copper on the chin, knocking him bow-legged. I wish to say I never see a more accurate puncher than Rusty Charley, because he always connects with that old button. As the copper tumbles, Rusty Charley grabs me by the arm and starts me running up a side street, and after we go about a block we dodge into Ikey the Pig's.

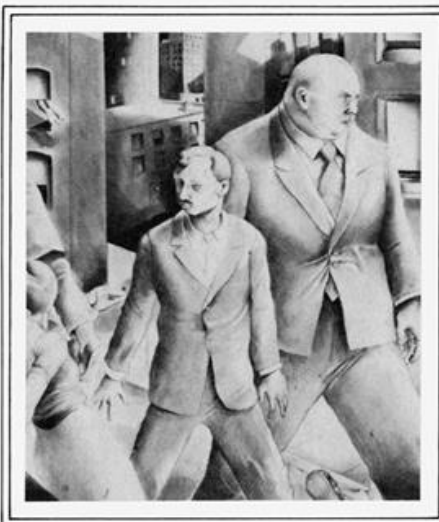
It is what is called a stuss house, and many prominent citizens of the neighborhood are present playing stuss. Nobody seems any too glad to see Rusty Charley, although Ikey the Pig lets on he is tickled half to death. This Ikey the Pig is a short fat-necked guy who will look very natural at New Year's, undressed, and with an apple in his mouth, but it seems he and Rusty Charley are really old-time friends, and think fairly well of each other in spots.

But I can see that Ikey the Pig is not so tickled when he finds Charley is there to gamble, although Charley flashes his G note at once, and says he does not mind losing a little dough to Ikey just for old time's sake. But I judge Ikey the Pig knows he is never going to handle Charley's G note, because Charley puts it back in his pocket and it never comes out again even though Charley gets off loser playing stuss right away.

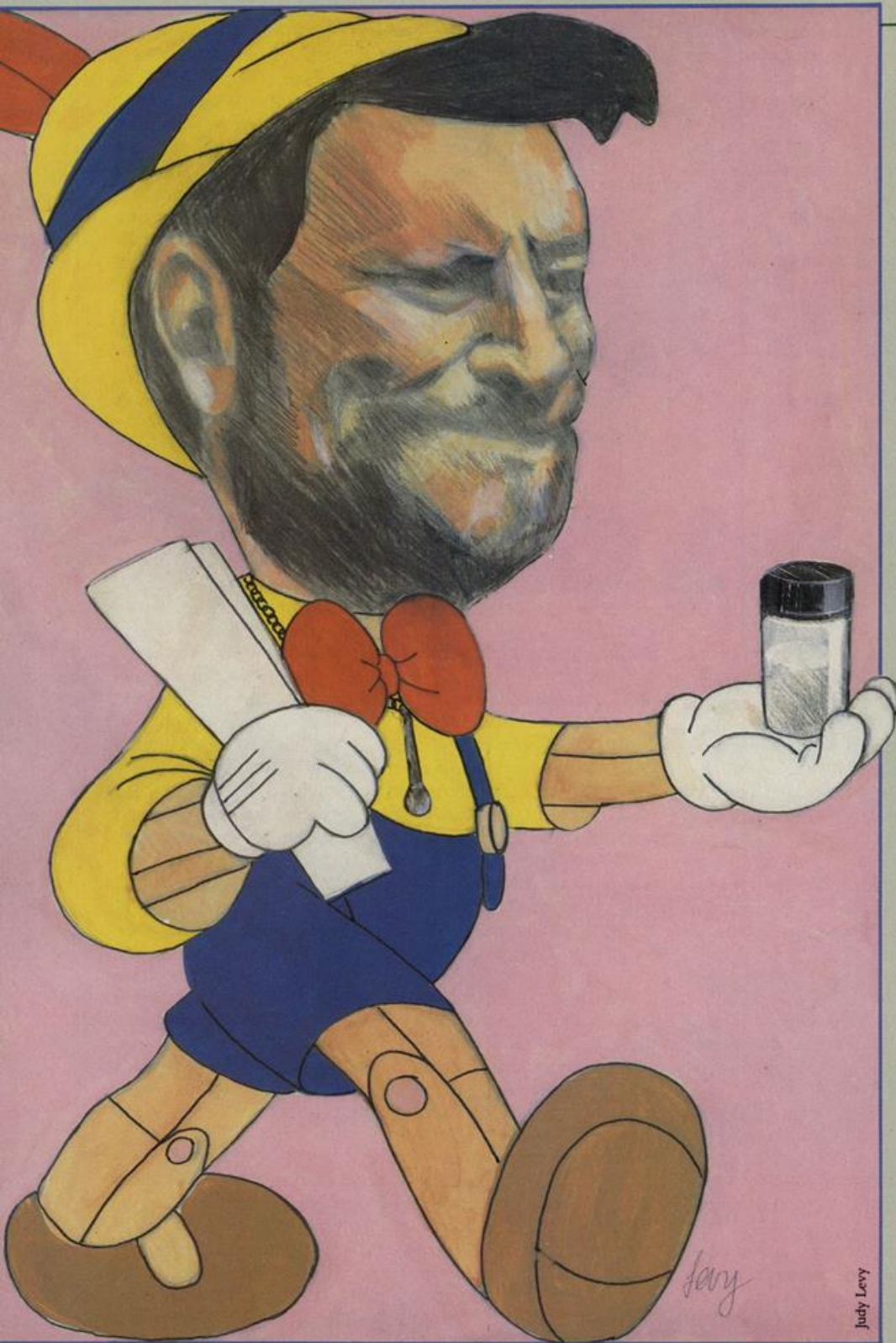
Well, at five o'clock in the morning, Charley is stuck one hundred and thirty G's, which is plenty of money even when a guy is playing on his muscle, and of course Ikey the Pig knows there is no chance of getting one hundred and thirty cents off of Rusty Charley, let alone that many thousands. Everybody else is gone by this time and Ikey wishes to close up. He is willing to take Charley's marker for a million if necessary to get Charley out, but the trouble is in stuss a guy is entitled to get back a percentage of what he loses, and Ikey figures Charley is sure to wish this percentage even if he gives a marker, and the percentage will wreck Ikey's joint.

Furthermore, Rusty Charley says he will not quit loser under such circumstances because Ikey is his friend, so what happens Ikey finally sends out and hires a cheater by the name of

continued on page 98



Scott Gillies



**Cell 1-B-32
Downstate Correctional
Facilities
Fishkill, NY 12524**

**Rep. Leo C. Zeferetti
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.**

DEAR CONGRESSMAN:

Let me introduce myself. My name is Abbie Hoffman and I am currently a prisoner in the Downstate Penitentiary in Upstate New York doing 1 to 3 years on a coke rap. For 16 years, while posing as civil-rights and antiwar subversive, I was in reality one of the biggest coke dealers selling to Hollywood celebrities. Through the years I kept very careful account of each and every user, assembling a list of 150 satisfied customers, many of whom themselves became dealers (called in the trade "subdealers"). I stashed this list in a bank vault in Beverly Hills thinking someday it might come in handy. Now is the time. Like all convicts, I hate prison. There's no breads and the food sucks, so I'm ready to turn state's or nation's evidence. But for a price, of course. I'll get to that later. First, as my patriotic duty and as evidence that I'd be a good witness and that I know the coke scene, I'll sweeten the pot with some advice and hot tips.

You need me. I have believability. Who's gonna believe Richard Pryor, a guy who tries to kill himself by holding a lighter to a bottle of rum? No way! You believe that, you'll believe Chrysler's working on a car you'd like to buy. Then that Cathy Lee Crosby. Ha! A bit player who couldn't act her way out of a blind date. I mean, would you go to a hearing with Cathy Lee Crosby? Forget it. You need me 'cause I know what from what.

Okay, for starters, where does all this cocaine come from? I was asked that by the prosecutor in my case and I refused to tell, but prison oils the tongue. Congressman,

An Open Letter to Congressman Leo Zeferetti Satire by Abbie Hoffman

cocaine comes from South America. Now, if you could make the Panama Canal the Great Panama Wall, it'd be finito on la old cocaína. *Savez!* But I don't think it's possible with spending cuts—and if I recall, we gave that canal away. So the answer to how that cocaine gets from South to North America lies in the Cuban connection. J. Edgar Hoover guessed this to be true. I *know* it's true. However, *this* testimony I am offering to Sen. Jeremiah Denton and his committee on subversives, terrorists and young Democrats. Sorry.

Now, why do they use so much cocaine in Hollywood? Another good question. They use cocaine because Hollywood is such a laid-back (sleepy) place they need a way to wake up real fast. No-Doz just doesn't make it. Coke lets you be asleep but entertain the illusion that you are wide awake; since Hollywood is an entertaining illusion anyway, it's the perfect drug. That's why the list is important.

By the way, since coke is white, I suggest your committee call what you're doing *whitelisting*. This will have the advantage of not confusing your important work with what happened in the '50s. The list contains no less than 26 Academy Award winners, 12 Grammy winners, two Golden Globe winners, nine leading men, five following ladies, four sex symbols, eight baby moguls (two Jewish), 16 has-beens, three deal makers and four TV actors who play policemen. Two of these are subdealers who, ironically, deal to eight other TV actors who play crooks. That should get the Moral Majority wet!

I mean, the names on my list are not just regular Americans, mind you. They tend toward your subversive-chic type. And most of this is a secret. They're the type of people who at coke parties talk about how Charlton Heston caps his teeth and how Frankie has never forgotten the time he walked in on Ava Gardner (his wife at the time) and Lana Turner making love. You know, the folks who refuse to appear on the Jerry Lewis Telethon: bad types. They make Vanessa Redgrave look like a Girl Scout.

Here's a clue to spotting stars on coke. See, everyone thinks coke has to do with the nose. Sure, it goes in there, but that's like saying New York's about the Lincoln Tunnel. It ain't the nose, it's the eyes, Zef. Now go to some movies. Sit up real close and watch the faces of the actors. Look at the eyes. See that little dark circle in the middle? If it's bigger than the outer circle, that's coke! Also watch to see how wide open the eyes are. Your average eye is open maybe a half inch (a quarter inch on downers). Coke eyes are open a full inch sometimes—even as much as two inches, depending on quantity, quality, body weight and religious background. For some reason only very skinny people seem to use cocaine. So right away

you know Orson Welles, Marlon Brando and Carol Burnett are not on the list.

There are other ways to spot cocaine users. Watch for people walking into rest rooms with mirrors. Why do they need mirrors? Rest rooms *have* mirrors. Well, they put the coke on the mirror, see, and chop it up. The mirror makes it look like twice as much. I can't explain it better, but it's an important part of the drug ritual. They always, by the way, chop it up with Gillette razor blades, so if you are into paraphernalia busting you can make this an issue. The Schick people (big Falwell-Reagan backers) will love you. There's also spoons. Say you're at a dinner in the Hills and you hear someone say, "Pass the spoon." *Subpoena the fucker right on the spot.* Those people are rich enough for separate soup spoons; *only* coke spoons are passed. They carry their tiny spoons chained to tiny brown bottles in which is kept the evening's supply. The dealers have all agreed to use these tinted bottles so the junkies can't see if the coke is all used up or not. This way they throw the bottle away with some cocaine still in it, or they get so mad when they can't get that spoon inside the shrinking bottle that they spill a lot. And that means moola from pasadola. This stuff costs six times as much as gold! Besides, in Beverly Hills they don't want to hear from gold: That you can't get up your nose.

Also, while you're at the movies, look for code lines. For instance, in nature movies, if someone says, "When will it snow?" that's coke! Snow is coke, see, in drug lingo. Or like a gangster movie they say, "Blow that guy away" (as opposed to "Blow that guy"). Again, "blow" is coke. The writers and producers are signaling the dealers that their supply is dangerously low (confirming reference: *TV Guide*).

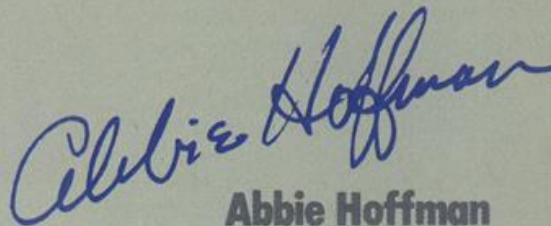
I knew, of course, several other dealers. Many dealers. They come from all walks of life. For example, probably most of the dealers in Hollywood are dentists. They buy the stuff legal for \$18.75 an oz. (as in Wizard of) and sell it for \$2,500 sealed (that means factory wrapped). If your committee reads a little-known study by Merck and Mallinckott of the University of Southern California School for Dental Hygiene, they will find that people in Hollywood go to the dentist five times the national average. Root canals? Wrong. Snow-blow. The dentist rubs it on the patient's gums and they get almost as high as the bill. So if you hear Hollywood types say "Have you seen your dentist lately?" write down their names.

This, of course, only scratches the surface of what I know. Another guy on the block here in prison was the chief dealer for the New York Knicks. That's a basketball team—sort of, anyway. This guy said he cut the shit so bad with powdered Tylenol that they

couldn't slam-dunk for beans. He says the Celtics' dealer was more honest, hence they get higher—and higher counts in basketball. Same in the National Football League. I mean loaded. I'll just drop two tidbits well known in the coke trade (or coke zone, as it's properly called). Pete Rozelle has a piece of everything going down or up, if you catch my drift, in pro football. Fidel Castro is a personal friend of Rozelle's and he vacations in Colombia. Check his passport if you have any doubts. The second tidbit revolves around Pittsburgh Steeler lineman Mean Joe Greene. You just go up to Mean Joe and confront him. Say, "Mean Joe Greene, you're nothing but a low-down coke junkie." I guarantee he'll drop on his knees, confess his sins and spit out names faster than he sacked quarterbacks last year. Then give him some coke. He'll give you the shirt off his back. You know what the ads say: Coke adds life! (In New York it adds 15 to life!)

Well, it's lock-in time and pencils in the cells are contraband. By now you can see I know coke from talcum powder, so let's do some business. But as we've all learned in the '80s, everything has its price. I'm sacrificing just about all my friends rich enough to lend me money. I could end up the Elia Kazan of this generation. People will say "Abbie Hoffman sneezed" ("squealed," in the coke zone).

Now you think I want my freedom. Nah, that's in the cards anyway with the Denton deal. Maybe you think I want a new identity like in that James Caan movie. Wrong again, I've had loads of new identities. You got to get the list. Without it you're washed up. I mean, drive-in schlock—send it to Hong Kong on the has-been express. You need me *more* than I need you to get ratings. Ask Barbara Walters and I could wear the black-and-white-striped prison suit and shave my head. So what I want after you've cleaned out Hollywood and done your job and become real famous—you know what I want? Universal Studios. Why? Because I want to make movies that will entertain people. All my life I've wanted to entertain people and I never really got the chance. There were always these left-wing collectives holding me back. You know: people with messages. So that's it, Congressman, the list for Universal. Even-Steven. Trust me, baby, it's a good deal.


Abbie Hoffman
 81A-1671 □

ALL OVER THE WORLD PEOPLE grow and use stimulant plants. Many of these plants owe their properties to caffeine or drugs closely related to caffeine. Europeans and Americans consume great amounts of coffee, tea, chocolate and cola. Argentines drink *yerba maté*, an infusion of leaves of a holly. In Brazil the pause that refreshes is more often guaraná than cola; the beverage comes from the seeds of a large woody vine (liana) of the Amazon basin and contains considerably more caffeine than does coffee.

The most obscure of these caffeine-containing plants is yoco, also an Amazonian liana, used by a few tribes of Indians of southern Colombia and adjacent regions of Peru and Ecuador. Yoco contains more caffeine than any other plant: from 3 to 4 percent up to 6 percent in the bark. But yoco is much less well known than guaraná. Even in Colombia very few people have heard of it who have not lived with tribes that use it. Only a handful of written descriptions of yoco exist and almost no photographs.

Recently I returned from a trip to the Caquetá Territory of southwestern Colombia where I visited a group of Ingano Indians who take yoco as a morning stimulant. I had a chance to gather information on this practice, photograph the preparation of the drink and try it myself.

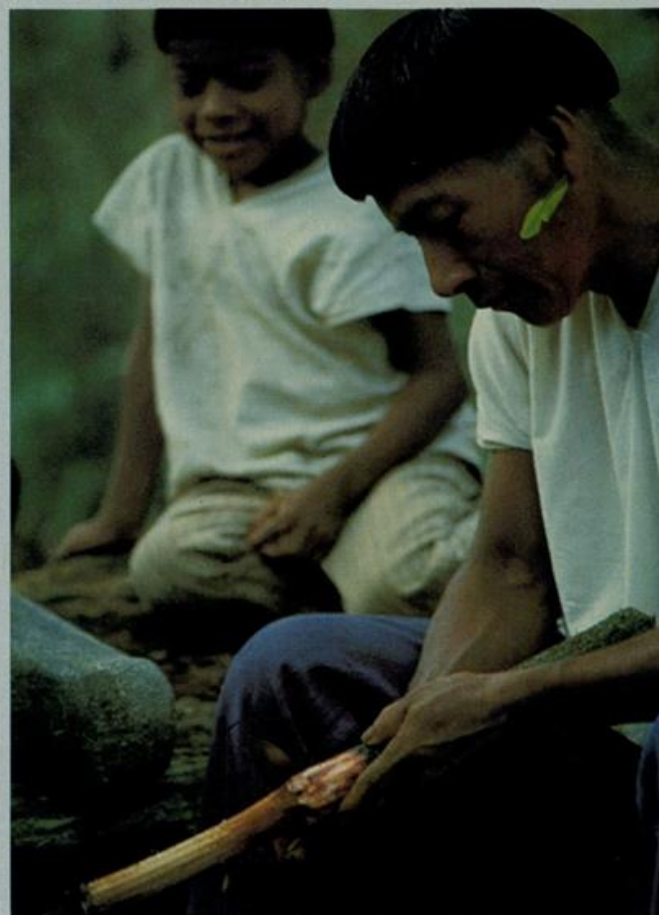
The Caquetá Territory is a large province of Colombia that is mostly steamy rain forest. In the past ten years the territory has seen intense colonization and development, marked by road building, destruction of forest, the growth of cattle ranching and the appearance of new frontier towns, along with guerrilla activity. The ecological devastation caused by this kind of progress is not pleasant to see. But one can still travel by river away from the roads and towns to areas where the forest is intact and indigenous peoples live in relatively traditional ways.

The Inganos, relatives of Incas, extend through much of this territory. Most of them live in the hot lowlands in small communities or isolated dwellings. They hunt and fish,

YOCO

The Natural Caffeine High

by Dr. Andrew Weil



Top: Section of yoco resting on a sharpening stone. Bottom: Preparation of yoco. Victor and his son. On ground: jícara (bowl) next to green jug containing cold water. White, exposed portion of stem has already been used; Victor is about to remove the outer bark of the next higher section.

grow staple crops such as yuca (cassava, *Manihot esculenta* Crantz) and, like many South American Indians, use drug plants, especially hallucinogens and stimulants.

I traveled to the Caquetá in January of 1979 in order to visit an Ingano shaman and healer skilled in the use of yagé (yah-HAY), the hallucinogenic drink of the Amazon [see "Yagé," *HIGH TIMES*, August '79]. The shaman, Luis Nutumbahoy, is a 56-year-old man living with his family in an isolated thatched house in a clearing, about three hours' walk from the tiny port of Mayoyoque on the Caquetá River.

Yagé is a sacred plant, surrounded by taboos and ritual, used chiefly by shamans for divination and curing. The art of using it is learned through apprenticeship to other shamans. Luis has been conducting ceremonies with yagé for 22 years, having studied originally with masters from the Putamayo Territory to the southwest. At present he is passing his knowledge on to an apprentice of his own, an Ingano chief in his late 30s named Victor Mohombo, who has been studying with him for the past three years. It was Victor who introduced me to yoco.

Unlike yagé, yoco is a secular drug, not associated with ceremony, magic or religion. It is simply a morning stimulant taken to suppress hunger and give energy for the day's work. Victor referred to it as the *tinto de los indios*, or "Indian coffee."

Victor lives a half day from Luis by foot and canoe, and he comes regularly to participate in the yagé ceremonies. I met him when he arrived one afternoon with his sister and small son, also named Victor. He carried with him a long blowgun, some personal effects and a net bag lined with green banana leaves, containing freshly cut sections of yoco. I had read what little I could find on yoco years before but had never met it in the flesh. I could scarcely wait for Victor to prepare it, but he told me that it could only be used in early morning and that he would make it the following day.

At dawn, just as the sun was coming up, I was awakened by

the sound of Victor scraping his yoco with a heavy knife, one of the characteristic morning sounds among Indians who use this plant. I got out of my hammock and watched. Victor sat on a low bench in a dark corner of the house. In one hand he held the cutting of yoco, a woody stem, which was about an inch and a half in diameter and a foot and a half long. The bark was rough and gray. The cut end of the stem showed a cross-sectional pattern of bundles of loose vascular tissue, typical of jungle lianas. With deft knife strokes, Victor removed and discarded the outer bark from the lower three inches of his piece of yoco, exposing reddish inner tissue. He referred to this as the "flesh" of the plant, the part used to prepare the drink, the light-colored interior of the stem being inactive.

Cupping his hand below the knife blade, Victor rasped this pigmented layer, collecting the thin shavings in his palm. When he had scraped off all of the colored tissue from one end of the stem, he set down the knife and put his handful of shavings in a bowl, or *jícara* (HEE-kah-rah), made from the fruit of a trumpet vine, *Crescentia cujete* L. To them he added about half a cup of cold water from a jug he had filled that morning in a nearby stream. He picked up the *jícara* and with a circular squeezing motion began kneading the shavings in the small amount of water. After a minute of this he rubbed the wet shavings vigorously between his palms to extract the liquid, then squeezed the plant material hard in one hand to get out the last drops. The result was a muddy brown liquid.

Victor offered the bowl of yoco to Luis, who had just got up. Luis drank it down. Then Victor prepared another bowl by working on the next few inches of the yoco stem. He gave this bowl, too, to Luis. Then he asked other members of Luis's household if they wanted yoco. One of the children said yes, and Victor fixed a dose for him. Next, he prepared two bowls for himself. Finally he made one for me. After all this work, Victor's hands were stained orange from



Top: Kneading the rasped shavings of inner bark in water Bottom: Rubbing shavings to extract the liquid.

the colored sap of the liana.

The yoco tasted bitter and astringent but not unpleasant. It left a refreshing sensation in the mouth. I drank a second *jícara* that Victor offered. Ten minutes later I felt butterflies in my stomach and experienced a laxative effect. Then I felt clearheaded, wakeful, energetic and decidedly unhungry. These sensations lasted for several hours.

The next afternoon was particularly hot and muggy, and I became quite lethargic around 3 P.M. It seemed to me that yoco was just what I needed. I asked Victor if he would make some. He looked embarrassed and shook his head. I kept asking him until finally he said to me, "*No somos acostumbrado en eso*": "We are not accustomed to that" or "That's not the way we do things." You only drink yoco just as the sun is coming up. Apparently, you can have all you want then; I saw Victor and Luis each drain off four *jícaras* one morning. But once the sun is up and morning work begins, the yoco is put away until the next day.

The Inganos and their neighbors the Sionas and Kofanes get all their yoco from the wild. There is little or no cultivation of the liana. Since wild plants are scarce, Indians who like yoco often have to search large areas of the forest to find it and then have to fell large trees to bring the vines down. Victor told me he knew of some cultivated yoco, that it took eight to nine years to reach usable size. He also distinguished between two kinds of yoco: yoco *colorado*, the reddish kind we were drinking, and yoco *blanco*, with "more flesh," a sweet taste and a milky sap that makes a cloudy white drink rather than a muddy brown one. But he said the two kinds have the same effect.

I asked Victor if yoco had any bad effects. He said he had seen a few persons become sick by drinking yoco all day in place of eating. Of course, he disapproved of this because it is not the right way to use the plant. Victor told me that he and his people try to carry yoco with them when they travel because it allays hunger and

thirst, but they know it cannot replace food. He emphasized that yoco does not intoxicate; it simply takes away hunger and gives energy.

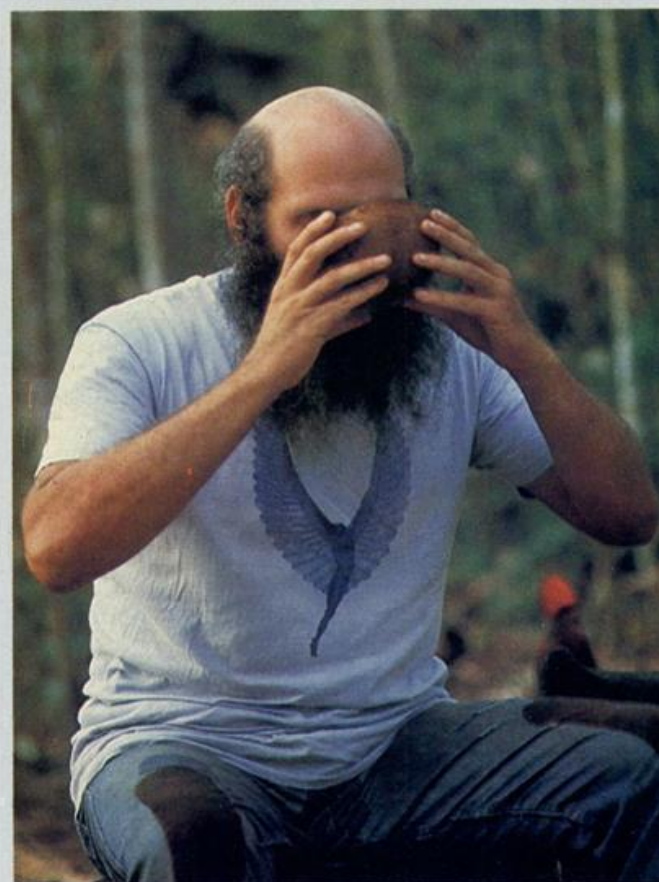
The agreeable sensation of energy that stimulant plants provide certainly accounts for their popularity. In my visits to the tropics of the Americas and Africa I have noted the tremendous acreage given over to stimulant crops, none of which, except for cacao, have any food value. Clearly, human beings like to consume these natural drugs.

I have also observed that many users of stimulants misunderstand the source of the energy they feel and its relationship to the substance they take to feel it. Stimulants do not contain energy or bestow free gifts of energy upon us. They simply cause our nervous systems to release energy that has been stored in chemical form, usually as molecules of norepinephrine in the sympathetic nerves and central nervous system. Different stimulants effect this release by different mechanisms, but the principle is the same for all.

It may be useful and desirable to prod our nervous systems from time to time into giving up some of their chemically stored energy. But this self-modification of neurophysiology has one drawback: When the effect of the stimulant ends, we are left with a depletion of energy stores. We may experience this depletion as a letdown or feeling of physical and mental fatigue following the stimulation, and how we manage it determines our relationships with these drugs.

People who have free access to stimulants and who do not understand how they work can easily fall into the trap of taking them frequently in an attempt to iron out the troughs that follow the highs. The problem with this pattern of use is that it leads to dependence, to the need for increasing doses, and possibly, to adverse effects on health. All of these problems can occur with excessive use of caffeine-containing plants.

In our own society, dependence on coffee is far from uncommon, although it is seldom discussed since most of us do not recognize coffee as a drug, let alone a strong drug that can



Top: Staining of hands following this operation. Middle: Finished dose of yoco in the jicara, ready for drinking. Bottom: Author drinking the yoco.

lead to habituation and morbidity if not used wisely.

I meet many Americans who use coffee so frequently that they cannot function in the morning without it. To my mind this mental and motor incoordination qualifies as a withdrawal syndrome. Moreover, some of these people show signs and symptoms of irritation of various organ systems: hand tremors, chronic stomach complaints, urinary-bladder inflammation in females, and intestinal problems such as diarrhea or inability to move the bowels without coffee.

The Indians I saw using yoco in Colombia had no difficulty maintaining stable relationships with it over time and making it work for them.

In my studies of human interactions with drugs, I have seen again and again that people who grow or collect their own drug plants tend to be in better relationships with them than people who buy them. They tend to use them ritually and carefully, for example, perhaps because they have to work for them and regard them as special. Victor's preparation of yoco was formal and very much a ritual, even though a purely secular one. That yoco must be prepared with some effort also encourages careful, moderate use. Refined stimulants, in the form of white powders that can easily be introduced into the body, lack this requirement for work and are much more liable to abuse.

I would like to see more interest in yoco. It is a curious plant, not at all well studied, surrounded by colorful custom. Yoco's particular ability to suppress hunger might be helpful in supervised programs of weight reduction. The drink might be much less irritating to the gastrointestinal and urinary systems than coffee. Development of yoco as an economic crop in areas of Colombia otherwise unsuited to agriculture is a real possibility.

Traditional Indian life in this threatened region of the Amazon basin will not go on forever, and I fear that knowledge and use of yoco may vanish with it. Before then, I hope students of ethnobotany and ethnopharmacology will turn their attention to it and gather what information they can. □



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FEEL A THING...









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A comprehensive survey of the effects of drugs on pre-, post- and illiterate societies. Course will include detailed analysis of such world luminaries as Alexander the Great, Kublai Khan and Conan the Barbarian.

Required reading: *The Best of High Times, Volume One.*

by Robert Lemmo, B.S., A.S.A.P.

DOPE IS NOT THE BASIS OF HUMAN EVOLUTION BY MERE CHANCE. According to the most widely accepted modern view, termed the Big Bong Theory, the universe was born when whirling expanses of seething gases, carrying the germs of life, congealed into the concentrated masses we now call stars and planets. These vital clouds were, of course, exhalations of high-grade cannabis produced by Zeus and the other major deities, a fact long known by ancient Phoenician and Sumerian cultures and forgotten until just a few minutes ago.

Who can say whence the gods scored? Even the most arcane and comprehensive journals of dope lore in the *HIGH TIMES* archives are somewhat unreliable concerning what went on from the dawn of time until about 10:30 that morning. The journalistic tradition of sleeping late apparently has roots that run very deep.

It should be noted, however, that *god* spelled backwards is *dog*—the very *dog* that has been a key

term in the doper's lexicon throughout the ages. Way back in history, when Conan the Barbarian would bark at an adversary, "Eat sword, dog!" what he was really saying was, "Eat sword, dope!" The term's most recent revival came in the 1950s and '60s in the United States, when drug anthems disguised as "doggie" tunes inundated the airwaves. When "Walking the Dog" proclaimed "she broke a needle and she can't sew," few listeners failed to comprehend the reference to the illicit use of a hypodermic syringe. The plaintive "(How Much Is That) Doggie in the Window" broke hearts across the entire nation with its sorrowful portrait of a middle-aged floozy who realizes to her horror that she'll do absolutely *anything* to obtain that "doggie" ("doojie"—heroin) in the "window" (glass syringe).

But I digress. While we may never know where the gods copped in the dim past, by about 3000 B.C. it was evident that the man we know as Noah was the busiest and most respected dealer in the known

world. A Babylonian tablet dating from 2000 B.C. bears the inscription: "Noah had everything. I mean everything. And always excellent quality, too."

Of course, the "pairs of animals" that Noah stored away on his ark during the time of the great flood were actually breeding stock of all the dope-producing plants of the ancient world. Noah and his family wanted to ensure that they'd be able to have a few laughs once the deluge subsided, and, being expert in these matters, he knew that coca bushes fare poorly when submerged under six miles of wrath-wrought ocean.

Not only did Noah preserve mankind's future, but as luck would have it, there were a variety of spider mites and aphids and such on the pot plants and opium poppies and they survived too, and flourished and evolved into the penguins and elephants and all the animals we see around us today. While dangerous rogue skeptics in the scientific community have sought to discredit this account of the creation, I think it suffices to say that *Noah's ark* spelled backwards is *kras'hoan*, which is Antediluvian for *crash*. I leave it to the intelligent and fair-minded reader to draw his own conclusions.

Another 4,000-year-old Babylonian tablet gives us the first written record of drug abuse, documenting the arrest and execution of a cuckolded fig farmer who was found to be whipping and scalding a small plot of bhang plants in his backyard. Speaking of the sandy past, all the scientists in the Western world who are not detestable swine think that those two tablets Moses carried off Mt. Sinai had to be made of something a little more "punchy" than granite or quartz. LSD or Percodan, according to most serious researchers. As far as the "burning bush," it refers either to Moses' gluttonous ingestion of cannabis or his torrid, if embarrassing, affair with a certain Susi Osiris, a voluptuous exotic dancer known throughout the Holy Land as the "Assyrian Firecracker."

While it is well known that Christianity began as a magic mushroom cult, few are aware that even *Jesus* was adopted as a code word for *coca* by early dope users. For modern corroboration of this relationship, one need only observe the proliferation of fast-living Hispanic major-league baseball players who sport the name.

But let us not get ahead of the story. About 1000 B.C. the Phoenicians invented the alphabet so that they could write down all the funny lines that occurred to them when they were stoned on kif. A little while later the Greeks dumped tons of adulterated narcotics (or "wooden horse") on the Trojan market, bringing a quick end to the Trojan War. Then things got a little tiresome. Alexander the Great conquered the world but complained that he still couldn't put his hands on any really *primo* hash. Caesar and Charlemagne echoed Alexander's Lament, as it came to be called. For almost 200 years,

INDIANS BEING NOTORIOUSLY CHEAP WITH THEIR WEED, THE DESPERATE PILGRIMS WERE FORCED TO SMOKE HAM.

Holy Crusades were launched in an effort to find something other than blond Lebanese. Then, in 1215, King John of England was presented with a shipload of two-toke Nepalese and pronounced it a "Magna Carta" or "Big Deal." The Spanish, who had been reduced to smoking ditch grass for almost a century, initiated the Inquisition out of spite.

Even when the adventurous Marco Polo left Venice and traveled to Cathay (China), becoming the first European ever to cross the Asian continent, he found the trip dreadfully dull: one camel-fouled desert after another. Upon reaching Cathay, however, Polo was introduced to the joys of opium by Kublai Khan, a comely songstress who had a Nubian band that was really hot. Polo languished in Cathay for months, smoking opium by day and pursuing Ms. Khan's romantic affections by night. Brought to the brink of poverty by his two expensive habits, Polo decided to start eating opium and write an outlandish, delirium-colored account of his uneventful trip. He received a huge advance on the book but was forced to leave Cathay when he discovered that in the local dialect his name, Polo, meant both "hashish" and "anal sex."

A little later, Columbus finally decided to discover America and things got moving again. Actually, as any school kid knows, Columbus was not the first white man to reach the shores of America. Leaf Erikson, a Nordic narcotics mogul, already had thriving cannabis plantations established all along the east coasts of North and South America by the time Columbus stumbled across the New Land. Columbus soon learned that while Erikson's profits were enormous—he had most of Scandinavia and half the New World hooked on the weed—the man's organization had grown fat and vulnerable. Columbus considered attacking Erikson with just his three ships, the *Niña*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*, but then thought better of it and sent for his ace ship, the *Mafia*. This was a stout, no-nonsense vessel filled with battle-hardened men. With the arrival of the *Mafia*, Erikson's forces were routed in short order. To his credit, Columbus allowed Leaf a patch of South America to retire on; but to bust the chops of his vanquished foe, Columbus decreed that the place should ever be known as Colombia, and directed that it often be misspelled as "Columbia" in official documents. History can be so elegant.

Columbus's men were poorly organized

and with time the luxurious dope plantations of old began deteriorating. Early settlers of this New World faced fearsome hardships. Barely sheltered in crude shacks, the newcomers were assaulted in 1667 by one of the worst recorded dope shortages in history. Indians being notoriously cheap with their weed, the desperate Pilgrims were forced to smoke ham. Thus was a cottage industry born, but there were many that did not survive that cruel winter.

Quaaludes were most likely invented sometime in the late 1700s, by none other than that old philanderer, Benjamin Franklin. How else to account for this entry in the Great Man's diary, bearing the date of August 19, 1781?

The bovine contours of her undulating neck became to me as folds of fertile flesh; I yearned to plant my seed in each and every moist furrow. I leapt to cry out my delight but got tangled in her bodice and fell heavily. When I next opened my eyes, I felt the oppressive vexation of a large object pressing on my shoulder. I attempted to brush it off, whereupon to my utter consternation I realized it was Mme. de_____s parquet floor. I shall set down more of my queer adventure, but later on, as my demeanor is growing gravely vomitose...

Towards the end of the 18th century, Samuel Taylor Coleridge caused a literary sensation with the publication of his poem "Kubla Khan." The sensation turned into an uproar when it was revealed that Coleridge wrote the classic while under the influence of opium. We see the same scenario repeated throughout literary history, as when it was revealed that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" while on cocaine and Erich Segal penned *Love Story* while high on aspirin and a cola drink.

It should be noted here that in 1864 Simpson (who first isolated chunk light from crude tuna) was able to produce morphine from opium poppies, but he never let anyone else know about it. But time and progress marched ever onward and by 1900 approximately half the population of the United States of America was addicted to some type of drug. Most of these people had to be shot. The rest were able to pull through with the help of legislation that ordered the removal of narcotic substances from over-the-counter products previously loaded with large doses of drugs. First the cocaine was removed from Coca-Cola, then the marijuana from Mary Jane candies, the speed from Alka-Seltzer, the hash from corned beef and finally the heroine from Gothic novels.

Even as the rigorous suppression of drugs was taking place in the United States, the lands to the south, especially Mexico, were keeping the dope lamp turned up brightly. In fact, the peasants who were Gen. Pancho Villa's army of liberation fought because the general kept them supplied with powerful Oaxacan buds and promised them an unending paradise of fat *colas* should they somehow achieve victory. The life of a Villi-

continued on page 102



INDICA

The Weed of Distinction

by Robert Connell Clarke,
James E. Smith and Harlan Ang

IN THE LAST decade, California marijuana has become a billion-dollar industry. Although most growers produce only enough marijuana to augment their personal use, others manage to produce a surplus sufficient to support their rural lifestyle. Most sinsemilla or seedless buds bring the cultivator from \$1,200 to \$2,000 a pound and provide the consumer with a strong and quick-acting, yet long-lasting high. *Cannabis* will grow nearly anywhere in the sunny temperate climate of California, from the rural ranches and forests of Humboldt and Mendocino counties in the north to pooled, patioed and tennis-courted Beverly Hills in the south. Although the weed *Cannabis* grows easily, it is very

First-generation hybrid.

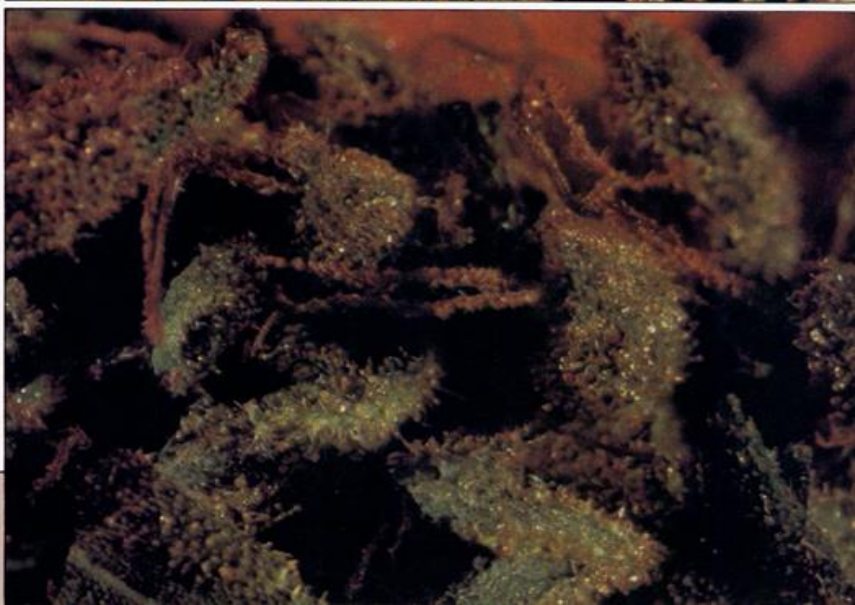
strenuous and time consuming to produce fine sinsemilla, and marijuana cultivators, like most farmers, work hard for a living.

The most significant change in marijuana cultivation since the introduction of sinsemilla to California has been the importation of *Cannabis indica* seeds to the West. *Cannabis indica* is native to the Hindu Kush Mountains of Afghanistan and Pakistan. Traditionally, *indica* has been used by these Moslem nations for the production of hashish. It is made by shaking the resinous heads from the minute plant hairs (*glandular trichomes*) off the dry buds, and pressing them into a tight sticky mass. It is commonly agreed by most investigators that the resin secreted in the head cells of the trichome contains the psychoactive constituents of *Cannabis*. Today, a vast amount of California sinsemilla is of the *Cannabis indica* type, now recognized by many cultivators as a more desirable crop than *sativa*.

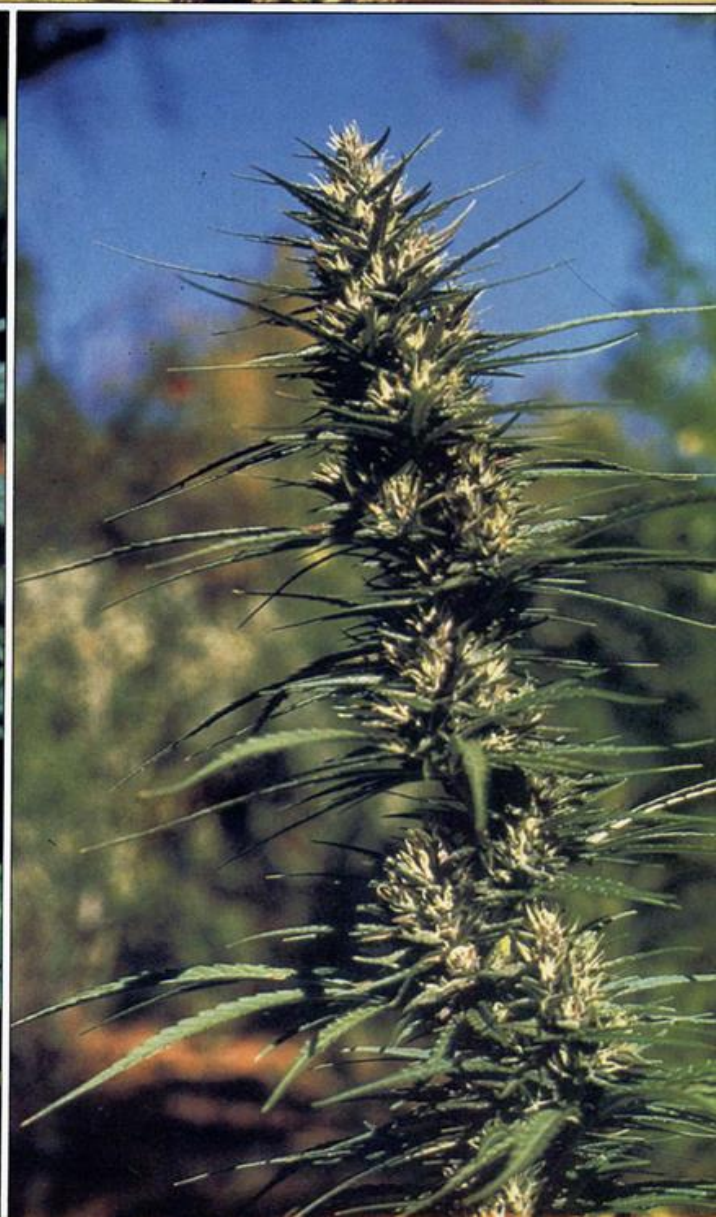
Cannabis indica is usually a bit shorter and stouter than *sativa*, shaped more like a pyramid. Characteristically, the leaves are short and broad, dark green in color, with thicker stems. The short, dense buds contain few calyxes (the fleshy husks around the seeds and one of the areas of highest THC concentration in the plant), many broad fat inner leaves, and thick, puffy stems. Each calyx is an individual flower surrounding and protecting the enclosed female ovule (the unfertilized seed of the *Cannabis* plant). If fertilized, the ovule will develop into a seed. Sinsemilla is produced by roguing all males from the females, thus preventing fertilization. The calyxes swell with age and produce thousands of protective glandular trichomes. At maturation, the calyxes and inner leaves are encrusted with acrid, pungent-smelling resin heads. Nearly all *indica* strains mature in September or October. The high associated with *indica* is most often perceived as more corporal, or body oriented, than the cerebral *sativa*.

Cannabis sativa is native to most of the world, although the majority of sativas grown in California during the past two decades were grown from seeds originating in large shipments of commercial marijuana imported from Colombia, Mexico and Thailand. *Sativa* is usually tall and slender with long, narrow, light to medium green leaves and stems. The long, loose buds contain many individual flowers or calyxes, few narrow inner leaves, and thin stems. The calyxes at maturation are covered with fruity, sweet-smelling resin heads. Many local *sativa* strains have been developed that may mature as early as September or as late as December. The high produced by the finest *sativa* is most often cerebral and frequently enhances intellectual encounters.

Cannabis indica will hybridize or cross easily with *Cannabis sativa*; a great many hybrid seeds have been produced over the past five years. Indeed, it is increasingly difficult to obtain pure *indica* or pure *sativa* strains, as a majority of sinsemilla plants are hybrids. When *indicas* are crossed with *sativas*, the resulting hybrid offspring tend to be large plants with many large buds. The general appearance of the hybrid is usually intermediate between the appearance of the respective



Clockwise from lower left: Cerebral sativa, extra resiny; pure Afghani-Kush, seeded. Grown in Colorado; purple Kush; sativa (for comparison); indica.





Top to bottom: *Kush*, *Hawaiian*, *Thai*.

indica and *sativa* parents, with many of the more favorable traits inherited from each after the first cross. However, the delicate aroma and cerebral high of the *sativa* is often masked by the stronger acrid, skunky aroma and corporal high of the *indica*. Sometimes a blend of these two distinctive types of marijuana results in a most unusual "sweet and sour" taste enjoyed by many. As a result of this hybridizing, however, many of the best California *sativa* strains have been lost forever in one season, when they may have taken years to develop.

For many years lawyers and botanists have argued about the possible legality of cultivating *Cannabis indica*. California law only states that it is illegal to cultivate *Cannabis sativa*, and an apparent loophole appeared. Semantic debates arose in an attempt to determine if the obvious differences between *indica* and *sativa* are great enough to warrant their separation into two different species of *Cannabis*, or whether they are merely separate varieties of *Cannabis sativa*. The debate has never been resolved, and of late has been dropped by everyone except a few specialists. Although the courts eventually ruled that the evil weed is evil, be it *indica* or *sativa*, word about *indica* spread like wildfire. A purebred *indica* often has a deceptively high yield. Unlike *sativas*, *indicas* have very few calyxes in the buds but many small, broad leaves. Leaves weigh more than calyxes, and as a result *indica* plants often yield more for their size than *sativa* plants, although they yield fewer sinsemilla calyxes. *Indicas* also produce more resin on the inner leaves than do *sativas*, but *sativas* have a high

concentration of resin on their more numerous calyxes. As *indica* is relatively new to California, it hasn't been exposed to the same extent of random hybridization that *sativa* has. The higher average strength of *indica*, along with its distinguished taste, small stature and early maturation have all helped to increase *indica*'s popularity in the West.

Since genetics and breeding determines so much of the quality of the final product, cultivators search for the finest seeds and occasionally produce their own strains. Sinsemilla cultivation often precludes the production of enough good seed for the following season. This situation has led to the exchange and sales of *Cannabis* seeds and the establishment of breeding programs to produce improved seed stock. Imported strains are grown and selected for favorable traits, and pure or hybrid crosses are performed. Further screening, selection and breeding results in improved strains. Although *indica* seems well adapted for Western cultivation, the future seems to lie in the imaginative choices of the cultivator. *Indica* strains are native to a very limited area of the Middle East, and consequently they contain only a very small percentage of the possible favorable traits found in *Cannabis* worldwide. The overall conceivable variety of future improved marijuana strains is indeed mouth watering. *Indica* has already grown strong roots in California, and if it is ever squeezed out of its native Afghanistan and Pakistan, *Cannabis indica* will have no trouble in finding a new home with the sinsemilla cultivators of California. □

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INTERVIEW: PETER TOSH

continued from page 37

TOSH: I am not no *king* of reggae. It was me who put Bob Marley's first finger on a guitar. I said, "This is C, this is G, this is A." It is I who taught Bob Marley to play music. I was born with music to me. Bob Marley has exposed himself and has become international superstar or whatever you call it. I am not a superstar. I am an *architect*. Don't want to be a superstar, there are no kings. "In my father's house are many mansions." And all of them is beautiful. So I am just doing what I am here to do. I am a messenger, see? I am a missionary, see? Bob Marley's a musician or a superstar, so they say. I am a missionary preaching the words of righteousness decorated by music.

HIGH TIMES: How did you get involved with the *Rockers* film?

TOSH: Well, I was not involved in it. They wanted to use my name to get for promotion purpose. All they did was to use one of my songs on it. They wanted me to play a part but it wasn't morally elevated where I am concerned. So I did not get involved because where I am concerned it is not progressive. And has not proved itself progressive from that time to now. So I cannot get involved in anything that is nonprogressive morally, spiritually or physically.

HIGH TIMES: Do you read the Bible every day?

TOSH: No, I *live* the Bible every day. There are people who read the Bible but don't live the Bible. Reading the Bible does not save your soul because the Bible is just another version of a version. And the truth has been converted to create conflicts and have people lost in illusion. So as to satisfy those who paint the world a fantasy. But because I know these things and we are reincarnated souls from that time and we know who we were in that time. Bible say, "Seek and ye shall find." And when you seek to find yourself, you'll find yourself; "Knock and it shall be open"; the doors of wisdom is open. And when I pray I don't ask for wealth. I ask for wisdom and knowledge and understanding. And protection from the evils that lurks in dark places. So that's the way I have to live.

You see the Rastaman's philosophy is nothing new. Nothing of the eighteenth, nineteenth or twentieth century. It was from the earth was. It is not a religion. It is a *traditional* way of life. As disciples of Christ.

HIGH TIMES: Why were you persecuted and why was Bob Marley persecuted and not, say, Bunny Livingston?

TOSH: Well, maybe because we are on the front line and we are mostly heard and mostly seen, so the elements try to do these things because, maybe at that time, Bunny was not on the front page. But as we said, Bunny could be here, too. But he say the same words and it is coming from the same divine creator. And one philosophy is in no competition with another philosophy. So he stays here as one who takes care of the vineyard. And when the time of famine comes

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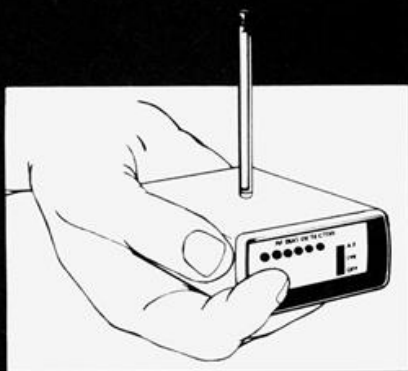
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around there is food to feed the nation. So Bunny is there taking care of the vineyard, and at the same time making music.

HIGH TIMES: I thought perhaps it was because it could be explained that he lives a really pure religious life and keeps away from any potential dealings with Babylon or makes no mess.

TOSH: Well, maybe that could be the fact, and he is not out there on the front page to be seen. But we are all persecuted. There are many ways of persecution. You may not be persecuted by assassins who try to assassinate. There are different ways of persecution that sometimes it is not even heard about. You have to see Bunny for him to tell you of his tribulations. We all go through tribulations. Because whatever time you are dealing with right, you are opposing wrong. And this world is wrong. So he becomes a political target.

HIGH TIMES: Do you feel that in order to bring your message out to the world that you become involved in bad situations which if you had stayed at home wouldn't get in your way?

TOSH: Yes, we know that, but at the same time it is written that I and I, it is our duty to go into all the world and to teach and to show the people that Jah Rastafari liveth as he was in those days. He is the same way in these days. Nothing has changed. The creator does not die. Although we have been told that he was crucified, he only did that to prove to men that *he* is the master of life. No one can kill the creator. So no one will kill those who praise him, because it is written that this time Jah shall not come as a lamb to no slaughter or as a sheep to no shearer. But *conquering* to conquer, and to eliminate and alleviate all the shitstems of the world and put the world on the right stand, which it was in the beginning. So we are just doing what the father says we must do. Go in the world. Live the life. And let your works be seen so that men may glorify him. Because if you live a negative life and preach a positive word then you will become another victim of the shitstem.

HIGH TIMES: How can you keep your life positive in the face of so many distractions and the persecutions?

TOSH: Well . . . the destructions of the world does not destruct my eyes because I know what it is. I know the evils of the world, what they are, all of what they were made of, what they are for. There is nothing new under the sun, and there is nothing that can distract one who is dealing with the father's work. Nothing. Because they are all ancient, Babylon traditional way of life. Which we all know, so you see, as I say, a mango tree cannot bear apple. Because we have people who come and see the living of the Rastaman and try to live like him, but when he reach a little way down the road and find out there is lots of tribulation he get weak and stumble by the way and fall. Sometimes never rise. But there is a song on my album saying "Pick myself up, dust myself

continued on page 74

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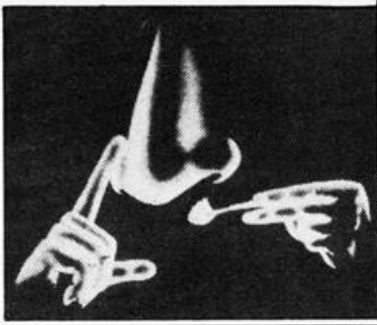
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PLEASURES HIGH INTERIORS

Deadly Feminine

by Eleanore Kennedy



Call her Collette. She's the "living doll" adding the Gothic touch to the scene. In the world of this odd and dangerously funny artist, it makes perfect sense for her Manhattan loft to be a backdrop for her most familiar role.

Collette's art is always some kind of performance, and she frequently pops up as part of the show. There was the "Fuck Art, Let's Dance" exhibit at the now-defunct disco Danceteria, a multimedia presentation. Then there was the "Deadly Feminine" line of clothes she produced for the trendy shop Fiorucci, designed, evidently, for women willing to become part of Collette's collection. Her most imaginative creation to date is her alter ego Justine, who performs in the new-wave "Victorian punk" group Justine and the Shades.

Collette calls her art reverse pop. Instead of placing commercial images into an art context as her pop art predecessors have done (remember Warhol's Campbell soup can?), she projects her personal images into her commercial work, then borrows them back and turns them into art objects. Right now her museum pieces are on display in New York's New Museum, and in Europe she's riding a sudden crest as new-wave neoromanticism takes hold.

A visit chez Collette is an intense visual, sensory and sensual experience. The walls, ceilings, floors—even the bath and TV—are awash in waves of silk and satin fabric. The visit reenacts a ritual return to the womb—a return to the sexually undifferentiated state of the individual. Step in, and you're part of the performance.

Whether you're a devotee of Warm Art or just can't resist a well turned out body, the phantasmagoric images on these pages are sure to prick your fantasies. They're the creations of Spider Webb, foremost practitioner of the fine art of tattooing as well as its premier huckster.

While decorating clients in his Woodstock studio, Spider came up with more designs than he had willing and supple young bodies. The best of these designs, including the art on these pages, are now spilling over into a book, *Flash: Tattoos for Paper and Flesh*, soon to be published by R. Mutt Fine Art Editions.

Ever on the lookout for beautiful and supple young bodies, Spider is now auditioning willing models for his book. He's currently luring the ladies with a promise of a 15 percent discount on the tattoo to those accepted. Applicants should appear in red patent-leather garter belt, seven-league boots, black mesh stockings and a rubber corset. Auditions are held nightly in his studio, 36 Mill Hill Road, Woodstock, NY 12498; (914) 679-2243.



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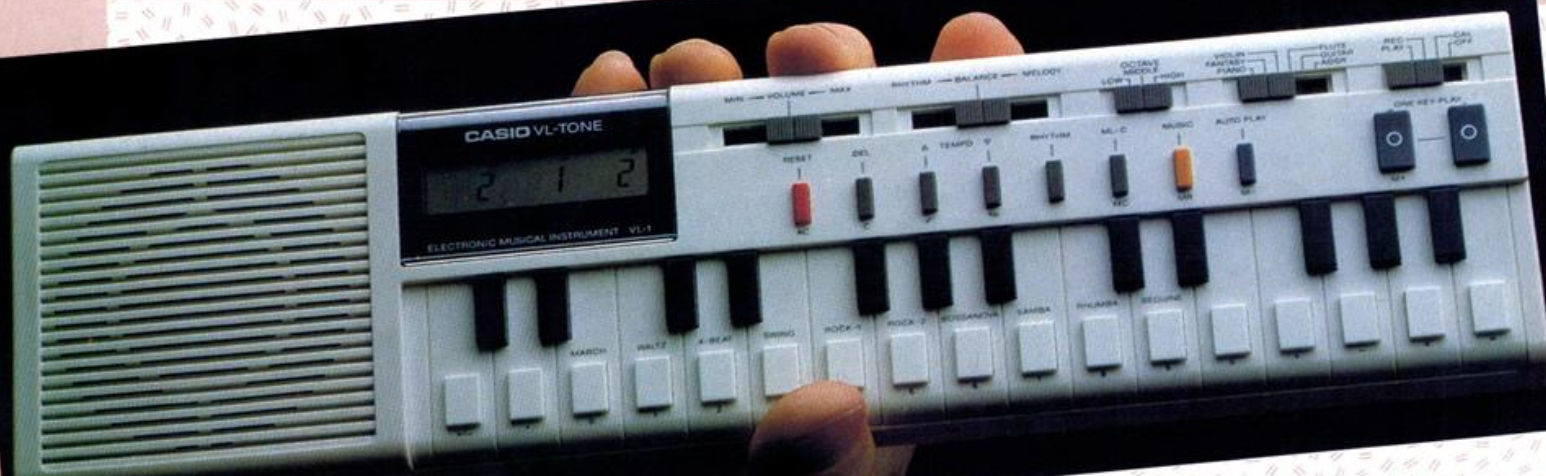
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Attorney Richard Jay Moller



LEGAL AID

Nobody wants The Law to come peeping through keyholes or otherwise violating our Fourth Amendment right to privacy. Here's an excellent little guide that will show you how to uphold the Constitution even when the cops don't. *Marijuana: Your Legal Rights* ought to be required reading; since it isn't, we'll have to talk you into it.

And reading this book is a pleasure indeed. In clear and sometimes downright witty prose, with lots of case examples and self-help tips for staying out of harm's way, the author leads you through the pitfalls of investigation and loopholes of jurisprudence. When can double-parking lead to a bust for possession? See chapter 8. Can a grand jury indict you after granting you user's immunity? Study chapter 12. Also included is a state-by-state listing of marijuana penalties.

The author is Richard Jay Moller, a staff attorney for the U.S. Court of Appeals in San Francisco who really knows his way around the Bill of Rights. You need this book even if you never touch the stuff. Addison Wesley/Nolo Press (Readington, Mass., 1981), paperback, \$6.95.

PLAY BY NUMBER

Two years ago he was the hottest jazz drummer in New York. He retreats to Maine for an extended stay. We next run into him in a Manhattan tenement. "We're making dolphin music," he says, tongue held firmly in cheek. "Have you seen my new toy?" He hands us the Casio VL-Tone. Frankly, we don't know if we're supposed to figure our taxes or take a solo. Aside from being certifiably hip, what is this thing?

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Space Imports, Inc.**PO Box 254 • Lawrence, Kansas 66044****INTERVIEW: PETER TOSH***continued from page 66*

off and start all over again." So as long as you are living your life a positive way and keep your mind in coordination with the father, he will protect you from the elements and the destruction that lurks. So there is nothing that can destruct the Rastaman who lives his life that positive way because nothing is new under the sun.

HIGH TIMES: Were you alarmed when you heard that Bob Marley had cancer?

TOSH: No. You see, he had been sick for a long time because it was ages ago that I heard he had a bad tumor. Which I was told that it was infection of cancer. Well, we don't know what they tried to do which there is no ailment on the face of the earth that is incurable. Because even in Jamaica I know a bush doctor who gave me those medicines, who shows me the two bushes that can cure any cancer. So... and if he had went there, and Africa is always open, because the bush doctors in Africa can cure anything... and anything whether physical or spiritual... nothing is incurable. And if Bob had went to Africa he would be here today. But as we know, experience teaches wisdom, and you have to have faith in what you are doing, but as I say, one dies is for one to see them not to trod the same road or you will stumble the same way.

HIGH TIMES: Do you know of the Jamaican community in Brooklyn?

TOSH: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: They've had some very difficult times, especially of late, sort of small civil wars going on.

TOSH: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: But we have people at HIGH TIMES who come from that community and write for us occasionally and there are many drug problems in terms of rival gangs fighting and killing over the right to deal ganja.

TOSH: Well, those things are politically motivated. In these times, as it was from those times, they are still trying to prove black people are some insignificant cannibals or something, so to keep these shitstem going they program drugs to the people. And when you take drugs it distorts the mind, and when the mind is distorted it creates conflict. And when the conflict is within it must come out. And when it comes out it must end up on someone. So it is a part of the shitstem.

HIGH TIMES: But not ganja.

TOSH: No. But you see herb is not a drug. Herb is the healing of the nation. But because they know that the herb is so morally elevated, guys will try to put drugs into herb so as to create that inner conflict both physically and mentally so then it cause a repercussion within, and you have to do something that is negative. See. But that is the shitstem.

HIGH TIMES: But also there seems to be a commerce thing involved. The Rastas are involved in a kind of battle over supplying drugs, or supplying ganja—and who sells to

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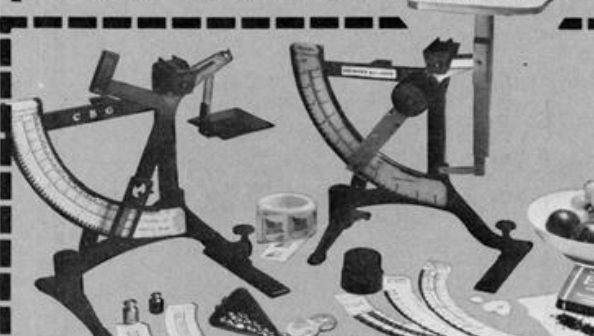
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whom and who buys.

TOSH: Well, that is not Rastas' affair. That dreadlocks' business. Dreadlocks and Rastas is two different things. Rasta does not get involved in those things. But because the devil want to defame or the ministers of propaganda and public mischief want to keep the definition of the Rastamans corrupt, so that they can illegally incriminate the Rastaman daily so to create a distortion on the focus of righteousness, they always do these things. So as to say Rasta do. Because people can see from a physical point of view that this is dreadlocks [*lifts a lock of his hair*]. So the first time you see dreadlocks you say Rasta, see? But it's not everyone who wears this is a Rasta. You have even baldheads who are Rastas from the heart.

HIGH TIMES: When you were persecuted by the police, did you have any advance warning? Had it been something that had been building up and did you sort of have a feeling that something was going to happen?

TOSH: Yes, I know that, because I know that any time you are doing the type of work I am doing, see, preaching the word of truth and trying to build a nation of unity, that is defied by the shitstem. I know there are lots of opposition because even last year I was . . . after I was brutalized unto death, because what happened to me is death, no mystery about that, it is *death*, because when one's nerve, central nerve system, is damaged, it is either insanity or death. And my central nerve system has been beaten and exposed out of my head about this [*cocks his finger*]. I could touch and feel it. Everytime I would touch it, it would make my entire temple tremor. And that is death. And when I see the picture of my head, because photographers came and took a photograph of my head, when I look at that, it look like a dead man. Forty-eight stitches all over inside the brain all on the head top. And that is to prove that I am still protected by the father, see.

HIGH TIMES: How did they get you? Where were you?

TOSH: Well, I was standing at an office arranging a European tour. I was waiting for my musicians. I had a joint in my hand. Two guys came up behind me. One guy came behind me and just took it out of my hand. He was there looking at me. I took it back from him. He didn't tell me who he was. I just see him standing there smiling. I just took it from him and said, "What happened?" And he was trying to get it back from me. When I see him trying to get my stick from me, my mind told me he was a beast, so I just tore it up and [*blows*] threw it away. He didn't like *that*. So he started up his aggressiveness, and tried to do what he want, to take me to jail. But I realized he was a beast. He found out he couldn't manage me physically, so he went for his friend. His friend came with his gun and tried and failed, too. That didn't work so he went to find some more friends. And that still didn't work.

continued on page 94



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The controversial neutron bomb has been in full-scale production for months by the U.S. Defense Department, though it is still difficult to sell our West European allies on the virtues of the product. Hailed as a crowning testament to American technological ingenuity, the enhanced-radiation device kills living things but leaves property intact. Military strategists in both the United States and the Soviet Union view the neutron bomb as a capital way to wage limited war over disputed territory, such as the continent of Europe; once the inhabitants are rinsed away by neutron warfare, the primary contenders will be entitled to hold a peace

conference to divide up the still-intact means of production.

So Western Europeans, with a vested special interest in remaining alive, have lobbied emotionally against the neutron bomb, mounting hysterical "scare" propaganda against it. In response, U.S. image makers have concentrated their efforts lately at cleaning up popular opinion about the enhanced-radiation device. To this end, the Defense Department is preparing a 1982 media blitz touting its revolutionary redesigned product—the *New Improved Neutron Bomb!*

A typical commercial slotted for European television glides through consecutive panoramas of stirring, sunlight-

drenched European landscapes and city views, with appropriate background music: the Brandenburg Concerto behind a view of rugged medieval castles along the Rhine, Offenbach's cancan with a jaunty survey of deserted Paris streets, and emotional Wagner as the camera pans over the mist-shrouded Alps and zooms in on a quaint gingerbread chalet perched high up on a mountainside. The voiceover seductively purrs:

"Leave all *this* for posterity, thanks to the New, Improved Neutron Bomb. It's the only bomb in any global arsenal that actively enhances and *improves* property values. The New, Improved Neutron Bomb eradi-

cates unsightly political wall graffiti. It deodorizes previous living space, and whitewashes wood siding. What's more, it's a weed killer and insecticide, and trims hedges beautifully at the same time as it clears canals and rivers. And that's not all! The New, Improved Neutron Bomb *spays stray dogs and cats!* And best of all, it *instantly vaporizes* human bodies within a five-mile radius of ground zero, so that it doesn't leave all that ugly and embarrassing ring-around-the-blast-site mess like other tactical nuclear weapons do.

"The New, Improved Neutron Bomb. Brought to you by the Ronald Reagan administration—where progress is our most important product."

Skunk (June 13–July 15) Don't listen to them, they lie. They're all in on the plot, see? Just pretend to believe them, for the time being. Bide your time.

Porpoise (July 15–Aug. 12) Why bother? Nothing's going to change in the space of a month anyway. Let it slide, what the hell.

Honey Badger (Aug. 13–Sept. 12) In about two weeks, it'll hurt when you pee. Then it'll drip some for a while. But it'll go away eventually if you leave it alone.

Shoat (Sept. 18–Oct. 17) Any money you make this month, spend it on the track, football,

HOROSCOPE FOR PARANOIDS

the lottery, bingo, anything. And if you win, gamble that too.

Cayman (Oct. 18–Nov. 20) Look at your tongue in a mirror. See those little lumps and white flakes and gray patches? Now turn your eyelid inside out and look. You're in *trouble!*

Ganymede (Nov. 21–Dec. 16) Just pack up and move off into a place all by yourself. And stay there. Your loved ones will thank you for it in the end.

Smegma (Jan. 16–Feb. 18) This month the Saucer People will finally come and *change* you. You won't remember it, but nothing will ever be the same again. Unless, of course, they really changed you *last* month...

Dungbeetle (Mar. 18–Apr. 21) Listen to that tune running through your head. Listen *close*. Close your eyes and get to where the music's coming

from. Get *behind* it. And don't come back.

Tree Toad (Apr. 22–May 19) It is more important than ever that you tell the world your secret, *now*. Write to the president every day and tell him. By and by, he's bound to open one of the letters.

Weevil (May 20–June 17) Avoid high places as much as possible. You will have an irresistible urge to jump from a high place all month long.

Goiter (June 18–July 16) This is Jesus talking to you. At last. I forgive you everything. Nothing you can ever do will be wrong, for the rest of your life.

PENTAGON WAR CZAR DISPLAYS NEW GIMMICKS

The atmosphere at the Pentagon is one of steadily increasing hustle and frenzy as the year draws to a close. Seasoned insiders can scarcely remember a time since the Vietnam War when section bosses were more wrought up with tension, or when the lines of squabbling civilian-defense contractors were no longer before the appropriations offices. The monumental challenge that faces the strategists behind the globe's hugest military machine is not the menace of some godless alien ideology at this time, though, but the federal military budget itself.

Lt. Col. U.S. Beauregard Sherman Manassas III Jr. wears the epaulets upon which the full brunt of the burden falls. "The problem," he explains in crisp, no-nonsense terms, "is to spend all the money the Reagan people laid on us last January before the next year's appropriations come due. It is a daunting prospect, sir, but as the Pentagon chief in charge of cost overruns, I believe I'm up to it." It is the over-run section that is squarely saddled with maintaining the Defense Department's tradition of always spending at least six times as much of the tax-

payers' money as it receives each fiscal year.

Col. Manassas III Jr. concedes that it's a tricky proposition, now that the administration has given the Army a virtual blank check. But he's confident that ongoing work on the widely heralded Maggot super-long-range bomber will make a sizable dent in the defense budget. Under directions from Secretary of State Gen. Alexander Haig, the Maggot has been redesigned to give it a combat range that could carry her "to Mars and back if necessary" without refueling. When full, though, the Maggot's new fuel tanks make her so heavy that no existing jet engine can lift her off the ground.

"So now we're designing a whole new jet engine, which costs plenty," reveals Col. Manassas. "Specifically, we're working on an adaptation of the old conventional Rolls-Royce unit to the new Pratt & Whitney JT-11-D turbofan design. And I want the Rooshkies to know about it, too, so's they'll copy it, and produce an identical design. That way, by the time the Maggot finally comes off the line she'll already be obsolete, and we can start from scratch on an even *more*

expensive model."

Asked how many bombs the Maggot will carry, the colonel chuckled: "Bombs? Who's got space for bombs with all these fuel tanks?"

No one really needs bombers and bombs in this era of the multiwarhead guided missile, Colonel Manassas explains. He is particularly proud of the Glooze missile, which has been redesigned "nearly out of existence" with the new Reagan money. Each Glooze now deploys no less than 17 separately targeted warheads—and each gives off a different-colored mushroom cloud. "Lovely pastels. Rose, mint, cerise, Prussian blue," rhapsodizes Manassas—"prettiest damn display since the Fourth of July. Most expensive single piece of ordnance on the face of the earth. The Rooshkies' Schmooze missile only costs *half* so much."

The Pentagon's hottest pet project, the Stench air-to-air combat rocket, is deceptively simple, riding under a fighter's wing, with a mere ten-mile range. "It's the *thrust* that makes it special," says Manassas. "Enough initial firing thrust, hopefully, to rip the wings straight off an F-16. After

we lose a few F-16 test pilots with the Stench, Congress will have to give us the go-ahead to develop a whole new supersonic fighter jet."

The new Vermin fighter jet will be distinguished by its unprecedented range: barely 60 miles. So beyond the expenses of its own development, the Vermin will mandate the development of a whole new aircraft carrier for it.

The prototype of the new carrier, the *USS Motherfucker*, will be roughly as large as Manhattan Island, "and just as mean," pledges the colonel. "Best of all, she'll be *amphibious*. Big huge Caterpillar treads alongside her keel, see. You can drive her straight up out of the water to any place on earth. Set her right upside Moscow and she'll piss out of the Kremlin! She'll carry two divisions of troops, artillery, jets, tanks, the works, and she'll be *nuke-proof*. The *USS Motherfucker*, the ultimate fighting machine."

Asked if the *Motherfucker* would also be mutiny-proof, the colonel responded indignantly, "Why sir, I aim to command her myself from the bridge. Have you no faith in the integrity of United States military personnel?"

General Alexander Haig's INSIDE STRAIGHT



Czech army prepared to wreak havoc. Our boys better pack their noses with Billie Jean King's sweat socks before facing such scent-turions.

The other day one of my younger aides brought to my attention a book by a Mr. George Orwell called *On the Road to Wigan Pier*. I doubt many of our readers here today have ever heard of such a book—even though it ran injected with pernicious 1930-style communism. This is because most of the readers of this magazine have themselves been supercharged since their early teens with the full spectrum of brainderanging chemicals. Thus making them unlikely to read any books at all, get it?

Well, in this particular book Mr. Orwell points out that one of the biggest barriers between the working class and their upper-middle-class communist comrades is the way they, the working class, smell. Now the rest of the book is a shovel of rubbish but this stuff about the way people stink really rang true. In my experience all of America's enemies, including the working class cited by Mr. Orwell, have very offensive smells.

Libyans, for example, have a particularly wretched stench about them. Their breath has a rank, coppery shit smell and their body odor, which varies in strength from intense to indescribable, reminds me of burning catchers' mitts.

Each group has its own distinctive and

disgusting smell, and of course they all smell equally bad to each other. Only Americans smell right. They don't smell at all.

One of the first things a soldier has to toughen up is his nose. Why, down at Fort Bragg right now some raw recruits are getting their first whiff of Czechoslovakian under fire. Naturally, in these training exercises real Czech smell is not available. The smell of Czech commies under combat conditions is artificially created by spraying liquid manure on piles of burning mattresses from welfare hotels. By the time our boys are out of boot camp their noses are as tough as neolite rubbers. The boys can't smell much of anything anymore, but if you ask me, that's a small price to pay for preparedness in the event of war.

All this baffle gag about smells puts me in mind of the smelly situation we had going in the Mideast a few months ago now. You may recall it was the Jew-men of Israel who got the rumpus going out there by bombing the Iraqi's private nuclear reactor outside Baghdad. When the commander-in-chief and I heard about that action we got damn mad. I was madder personally than I'd been since that deranged assassin tried to whack out our democratically elected leader some

months back. In fact, I was so furious at the Israelites for what they had done it was all I could do to stop myself from picking up the phone and ordering the 181st Airborne to get the hell over there with some rulers and slap the living shit out of their wrists.

I certainly never would have voted to censure those fellows in the Security Council of the United Nations. Sure, what they did was wrong, but it wasn't that wrong they deserved to be rebuked by a bunch of evil-smelling commo's and Swedes and what have you. No, far be it from me to speak ill of my colleague under President Reagan. I figure we're all in this together and we've got to get along; but that Jeane Kirkpatrick is a goddamn airheaded stick of suet for voting the way she did and I think it's my duty as a secretary of state to make my feeling publicly known to the president.

Strictly between you, me and the National Security Agency, it seems unlikely that Ronald Reagan will be running for a second term, and if I'm going to take out that Alan Alda look-alike, Bush, in the primaries, I'm going to need some big bread and some backing from the people who rhyme with you-know-whos.

Look at the situation this way too. Say Israel was your wife. The two of you get dressed up and decide to go out to a Syrian restaurant. Iraq is waiting on your table and your wife spills a glass of water deliberately so she won't have to drink any flies. This makes Iraq, the waiter, mad. So what do you do, Mr. USA? Bend your wife over the table, lift her dress, pack her cracks with butter and make help-yourself gestures to the Iraqi? I submit that as a gentleman you do not. You discipline your wife yourself with a sharp glance. That's all there is to say on the matter.

Now, people keep asking me if Russia is going to invade Poland. Shouldn't we, they say, invade Poland first, if it looks like it's going to be another Czechoslovakia? Why, even another Vietnam would be better than that. The plain truth is that it would be another El Salvador unless something went wrong, in which case it might be another invasion of Poland, which, as you may remember, pretty much started the last big one. As you can see, these are matters of state and far too complicated for the average gum-boothhead to understand.

Speaking strictly as a private citizen and not the secretary of state, I have this to say: Poland is a country that owes us, and by us I mean David Rockefeller, a great deal of billions. Until the Polacks make enough felt shoes or hams or whatever to pay us off with, I figure we should go easy or we (David Rockefeller) might end up getting stiffed on the bill. After they pay us off, we can play pitch and toss with the Russkies to see who gets to overrun them—though I personally think they would get along better with the Russians as they all like vodka and have similarly shaped heads. They smell alike too.

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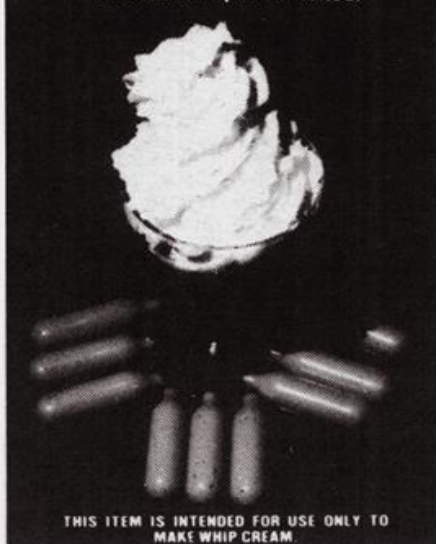
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MISTAKEN ME FOR
SOMEONE WHO
GIVES A SHIT.

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

TWELFTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES



174 I DO NOT TAKE DRUGS—I AM drugs.
Salvador Dali

175 PRINCE IN PETTICOATS/SENSATION-al arrest of a king's cousin/Cocaine episode in life of adventure/(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, SATURDAY—Attired as a woman, and accompanied by three men friends, Prince Louis Orleans de Bourbon, son of the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, and cousin of King Alfonso, has just been arrested in a room at the Hotel Villa Real, Santo Antonio, near the Spanish frontier. The reason for his masquerade in this amazing fashion is not yet clear, but the suspicious element of the whole case is that among luggage which he had, and which consisted of numerous dresses, all in the latest fashion, were discovered 20 pounds of cocaine, which, it is alleged, he was about to smuggle into Spain. He had been living at the hotel for several days as the "wife" of one of his companions, and two of the prince's friends were also arrested for alleged conspiracy...

News of the World, London,
March 28, 1926

176 AN ALCOHOLIC...A MAN WHO drinks more than...his doctor.
Alvan L. Barach, *Amer. Med. Assn.* vol. 181, p. 393, 1962.

177 GRASS IS NATURE'S WAY OF SAYING "high"
Graffito, IND subway station, NYC, 1970

178 FROM THE PASSAGE OF THE OPIATE and cocaine prohibiting Harrison Act in 1914 to 1938, it is estimated that 25,000 physicians were arraigned and 3,000 served penitentiary sentences on narcotics charges. About 20,000 were said to have made a financial settlement...For most...it should be reiterated that they were following the then accepted medical precepts.

Bulletin, New York Academy of Medicine, July 1963

179 GIVE STRONG DRINK UNTO HIM that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.

Proverbs 31:6-7



180 AN ULTRA-DECADENT GROUP OF thrill seekers in Paris...is claiming it has discovered the ultimate high. The novel method known as the "death rush" is achieved by the injection of a deadly snake venom. Persons who experience the high reportedly first build up their resistance to the venom by receiving small doses until their tolerance is increased.

Finally, they are able to take a normally fatal dose, and experience a death rush that makes them fall to the floor in ecstasy. There's one small catch however; one reportedly never knows if the death rush is just a rush—or the real thing.

Takeover, Madison, Wisconsin,
March 1977



Illustrations by Ned Sonntag

181 DELINQUENCY BLAMED ON MILK
Headline in the *Seattle Times*,
Nov. 9, 1979

182 TV GUIDE OF FEB. 28, 1981 OFFERS the fact that many producers, writers, directors, and actors are on cocaine as an excuse for the poor quality of the current shows. That is they all *think* they are better than they really are because they're on "the stuff."

If this is the explanation of the poor quality of TV programming, then an easy solution is at hand: Take the makers off the toot and put the audience on it. The shows will still stink, but the audience will think they're great!

Jack Schwartz

183 HERE LIES—CUT DOWN LIKE UN-ripe fruit—
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute.
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anno Domini eighteen forty.

Epitaph

184 HEROIN IS A HARD DRUG ONLY IN the sense that the addiction is very strong; it's much softer than many other drugs in the dimension of actual physical harm to the body. Chronic excessive use of heroin produces no permanent damage at all except for the addiction itself—which is, of course, a form of slavery. Chronic excessive use of alcohol, by comparison, would inevitably create irreversible and often fatal destruction of the liver and brain.

Dr. Joel Fort

HEY! DIDJA HEAR?!

(or...REMEMBER THOSE FAMOUS FALSE RUMORS?) ©1981 PETER BAGGE & J.D.KING

THAT CINDY BRADY WAS DRAGGED FOR MILES BY A SCHOOL BUS!



AND THAT GREG BRADY BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT AFTER WATCHING BRADY BUNCH RERUNS WHILE ON DRUGS!



THAT EDDIE HASKELL WAS PLAYED BY ALICE COOPER!



THAT "PAUL IS DEAD."



THAT ALONG WITH HER MASSIVE FACE LIFT, BODY LIFT, ELECTROLYSIS ETC. CHER HAD A CROSSED EYE SURGICALLY REMOVED AND REPLACED WITH A GLASS ONE!!



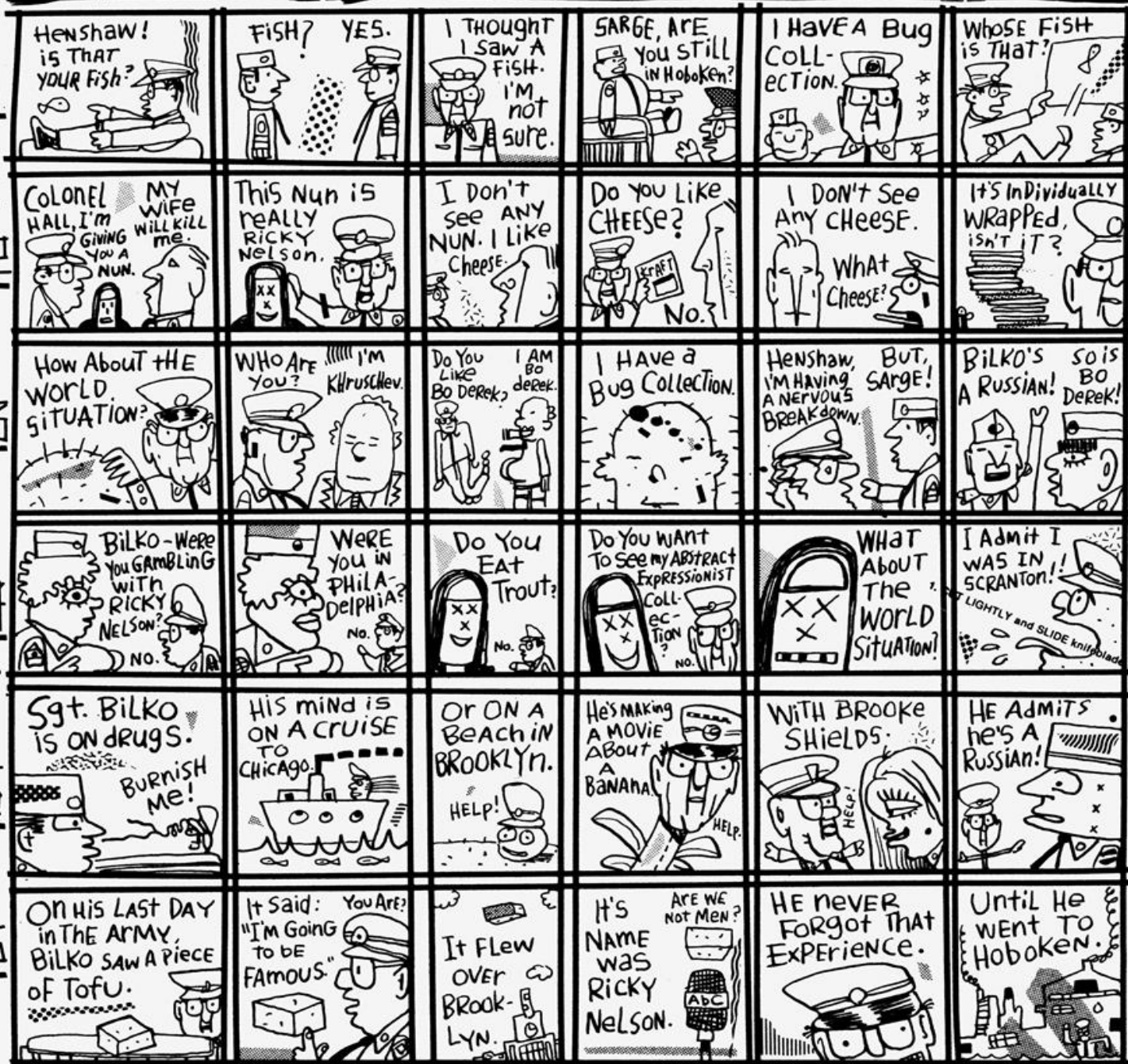
THAT YOU HAD TO BE REASONABLY INTELLIGENT TO BE PRESIDENT!!



J.D.KING

NOTE: THIS STRIP WAS LEFT ON MY DRAWING TABLE LAST WEEK, APPARENTLY BY ZIPPY HIMSELF...NATURALLY, I'M SHOCKED AND DISTRESSED, BUT, I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY AS A CARTOONIST TO PRESENT IT TO YOU, UNEDITED. HERE, THEN, IS ZIPPY'S FIRST STRIP.

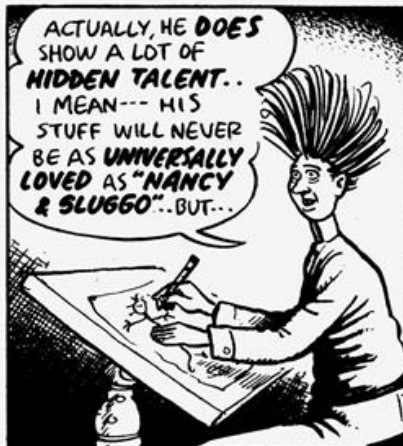
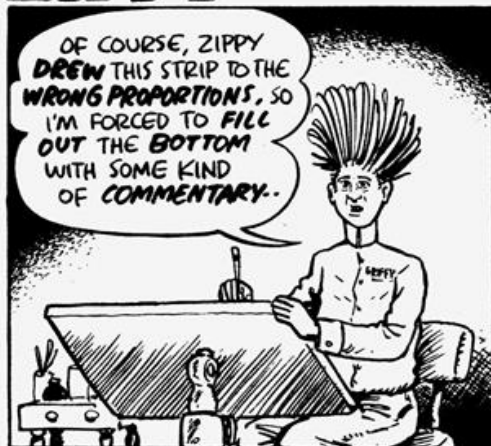
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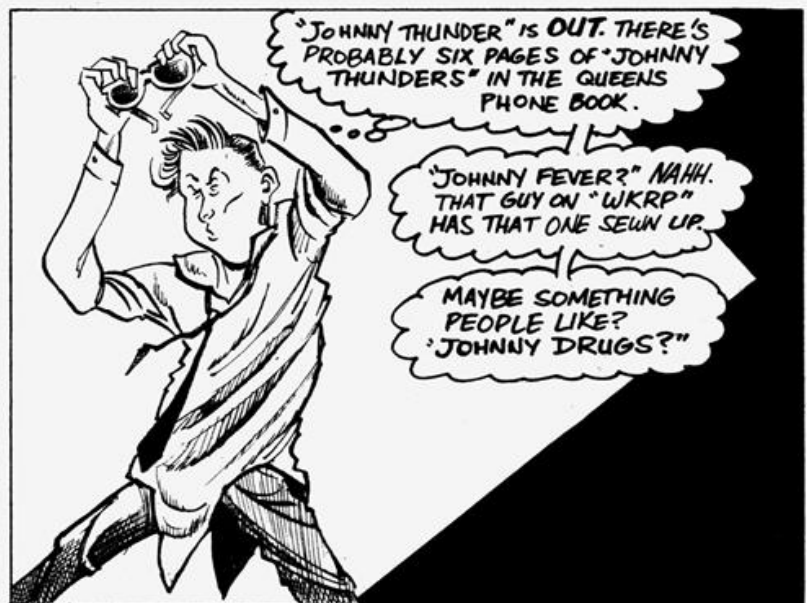
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Cartoonland
PRESENTS

PUBLIC SERVICE FORUM

by KEVIN P. COFFEY

SERIOUS
COMIC
TRUTHS!

FRIENDS, IS CONSUMPTION OF HIGH
GRADE MARIJUANA ON THE RISE? ARE
THERE HIDDEN DANGERS WE CAN ONLY
GUESS AT?

IN KEEPING WITH OUR STRICT POLICY "ASK
THE MAN OR WOMAN WHO KNOWS" WE'VE
INVITED TO OUR STUDIO NOTED JAMAICAN
CULTURE EXPERT RAS PRINCE
JAMMYUP ISELF. PRINCE, WELCOME COOL

PRINCE, IT IS KNOWN THAT SOME "RASTAS" OR
"DREADLOCKS" CONSIDER MARIJUANA A
RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE AND SMOKE HUGE
QUANTITIES... LITERALLY POUNDS
A MONTH... WHAT ABOUT
HIDDEN DANGERS?

IRIE

YES, BUT HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY UNUSUAL
"FLASHBACKS" OR "TRIPS" DUE TO YOUR
ENORMOUS INTAKE OF MARIJUANA?

YES, BUT WHAT WERE TRYING TO GET TO
HERE IS A QUESTION OF SIDE EFFECTS -
YOU KNOW, MEMORY LOSS,
COTTONMOUTH ---- A ---

TOP
RANKIN'
COLLIE

JA
RASTAFARI!

YES, BUT -- WHOA !!

ONE
RASTA
GUIDE

WELL FOLKS WE HOPE WE'VE CLEARED UP
SOME QUESTIONS HERE SO REMEMBER AS
ALWAYS THE FINAL CHOICE IS
YOURS SO GOOD
NIGHT BABYLON
VOID

LIKE,
LATER

HIGH TIMES CLASSIFIED

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I Remember Lucifer by Michael Wilmington

The first movie I ever saw (at the tender age of three) was Walt Disney's *Cinderella*—and it sent me screaming from the theater, fleeing down the center aisle as if the hot breath of hell were scorching my neck. It was something about that big, pink, evil-looking cat, Lucifer, purring away, licking his chops and sending out bloodcurdling vibrations of malice; he scared the literal shit out of me. Perhaps I could have taken something like Lucifer in real life, at standard cat size. But 50 feet high? Growling and leering? In the dark? I erupted out of that theater like lava spurting from Vesuvius; and nothing—no pleas, assurances or boxes of Jujubes and Buttercup popcorn from my startled but soothing mother—could coax me back in. Here was something ten times larger than life and a hundred times as scary. I wasn't having any of it.

But fear, as they say, is often entangled with desire. They couldn't get me back in the darkness, with Lucifer, all those years ago; but I've returned willingly, even eagerly, thousands of times since, into hundreds of darkened halls throbbing with all manner of sex, mystery, action and death—and, incidentally, with monsters who could have chewed Lucifer up, spit him out and picked their teeth with a California redwood. That initial *shock* must have done something to me. It must have altered my metabolism, sent some kind of witchfire sizzling through my veins, because the *next* movie I saw, Cecil B. De Mille's *Samson and Delilah*, entranced me to such an extent that I was inspired (at five) to my first literary effort: a book of religious stories, written in weird preschool, semiphotonic spelling, with the pages going from back to front. (It was called "The Howly Bible" and described—modestly—as "writn by a fery young asr.") The terrors of Lucifer had been prematurely banished. And, eventually, inevitably, I started mixing my two passions by *writing* about what I saw.

I'll always be indebted to Peter Bogdanovich for his cogent, concise, starkly truthful explanation of why he first became a movie critic. "I wanted to get screening passes," he tells us in *Pieces of Time*; of course, he speaks for almost 99 percent of his colleagues, though few of them, probably, would be so frank. He didn't, you'll notice, explain that he wanted to elevate the tastes of the ignorant hordes, dazzle the world with his glittering prose, work a revolution in the Consciousness of Man (or Woman) or whip a sluggish, soporific, greed-driven film industry into shape. He wanted to *see* movies. Once seeing them, he wrote about



them. He didn't offer the Last Word (or the First); he simply shared his various passions and enthusiasms. So did James Agee, Andre Bazin, François Truffaut, Graham Greene, Jean-Luc Godard and Andrew Sarris (to name a few of the best). And none of them had the Last Word either. What's important—in every case—is that they all shared the passion.

And the passion for seeing movies can be as overwhelming as any other—which is exactly what I discovered back at 11. I wanted to devour the subject, consume everything. I wanted to see every last movie mentioned in Stephen Scheuer's *TV Movie Guide*; test my opinions against every pontification of Dwight MacDonald's in *Esquire*; sop it all up; absorb it through my pores. While bathed in the celestial light of the movie houses, I experienced my first stirrings of desire (that first crush was on Dorothy Malone, whom I knew, anonymously, only as "that pug-nosed woman"; and my biggest heartthrob was the youthful Shirley Maclaine. In my adolescence, I cultivated imaginary camarados—best buddies (Burt Lancaster or Steve McQueen); or father figures (Spencer Tracy, Bogart). And my artistic idols shifted from Edgar Rice Burroughs, Conan Doyle and Agatha Christie to Stanley Kubrick, David Lean and Alfred Hitchcock (and later, as I dug further into the archives, kept spelunking deeper down into the celluloid caverns, Renoir, Hawks, Griffith, Welles, Buñuel, Nick Ray, Ford and Bergman). I rode camelback across the fiery wastes with Lawrence of Arabia, cowered behind a shower curtain in the Bates Motel; stampeded between the spires and mesas of Monument

Valley with Duke Wayne; and shot through the Texas plains in a convertible while Hud Bannon swilled beer and reached for a willing rump; and then, all passion temporarily spent, staggered out once again into the bright fluorescent glare of the lobby, stood for a moment beside another refreshment counter (just like the one I'd shivered and trembled against so many years ago, insisting, "No! No! I don't want to! I'm scared of that big cat!") crammed with overpriced stale Butternut bars, and like a thousand other times, walked back out into reality. Reality... that's what I thought could rescue me from Lucifer. Now, years later, I realize it was Lucifer who was rescuing me from reality.

Writing about it afterward, re-creating it—that was always the lesser experience. I did it for the same reason Bogdanovich did: It got me to see more movies. And once a passion begins to consume you, you have to tie it in with some kind of reason or method; you have to reflect on it—or you just burn quenchless there in the artificial night. Most American critics don't burn *enough*—they've got it all down to a science; they've got their standard lexicon of words ("gripping," "magnificent," "banal," "riveting," "a masterpiece," "left me breathless," "Why was this made?"); their grab bag of attitudes and postures, their "inside dope" from studio handouts—and their prose comes up stale and dry and endless (but not as gorgeous) as that desert that Peter O'Toole staggered across. Nobody gets a movie right afterward, and often the writers who are harshest and most judgmental least of all. But you've got to approach it with all your enthusiasm and brandish your convictions like a battle flag.

In the cinema world of the '80s there are some directors I love (Welles, Kazan, Penn, Polanski, Altman, Coppola, Terry Malick, Kubrick—and overseas, Bergman, Fellini, Herzog, Oshima, Kurosawa, and Satyajit Ray), heroes old and new, some of whom stumble, some of whom rise "magnificently" to the occasion. But the greatest seduction of movies (even in these years when cable television, cassettes and videodisks seem to be spelling out their final decay or inexorable metamorphosis into something else) is that they can attack you on so many levels, use and give you so much... once, that is, you've caught the passion, descended into the cavern, and adjusted to the hot breath of Lucifer on the back of your neck.

Next month we'll start looking at the new ones—as long as the screening passes come in. □



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SOUNDS

ZZ Top

FROM TEXAS TO NEPAL AND BACK



A

couple of years back ZZ Top pulled a celebrated disappearing act when they quit on the heels of a mammoth worldwide tour that smashed box-office records around the globe. After a three-year hiatus the Tops came storming back with *Degüello*, an album that slow-burned the band's powerhouse rhythms to a fatback crawl. In concert ZZ Top showed up in black suits and foot-long beards and revealed the true significance of the new sonic approach by turning over a steaming blend of New Orleans funk and heavy metal, the supplest hard-rock crunch you're likely to hear.

El Loco (Warner Bros.) completes the band's transformation, plying a stoney space-music boogie into trance states on the eerie "Ten Foot Pole" and "Heaven, Hell or Houston." Top's guitarist, Billy Gibbons, smokes his way through the set, playing blues guitar runs and rock riffs with a cutting melodic edge and subtle rhythmic inflections. Gibbons says he went on a kind of quest for unusual inspiration during that three-year vacation, and his sound changed as a result of his subsequent experiences. Gibbons recently sat down with HIGH TIMES to spin a few tales about *El Loco*.

High Times: The sound of the band now is fatter, it's weird.

Gibbons: Well, I went to Europe to inspect some antique musical instruments. I ended up spending a few weeks hanging out with some friends and we ended up going to Morocco. On the way there we ran into a friend who could obtain some of these musical instruments. We were at the same spot right outside of Tangier, and he suggested that we come with him to Nepal. We took him up on it and went to the land of hash black, not

hash brown. We were going down a Himalayan mountain range twenty thousand feet high. We found out during the middle of this journey that we had to walk for two weeks to get where we were going. We said, "It's too late to turn back now," and headed for this monastery to see what they had.

They supposedly had some stringed instruments that were hundreds of years old. I don't know if this guy had a connection but during our stay there we found that they were doing some kind of chant. Some kind of a rhythmic language they claimed could call out this creature or something like the abominable snowman. I tried to pick up the rhythm and on coming back to the United States after this rather fantastic voyage we were in the studio and we put down the song "Ten Foot Pole." Those kind of exploring circumstances do lend themselves to creating new sounds and it really affects the way you play.

High Times: Did you actually see something when these guys were chanting?

Gibbons: Oh, yes. We were having trouble with communication. I don't speak Nepalese very well and it was very cold and there was a bright light. The moonlight was out and after about twenty minutes, I guess within about two hundred yards, was a creature standing up on two feet that... I've never seen anything like it. Hell, I don't know what it was.

High Times: Like the abominable snowman?

Gibbons: Yeah. That's what they were wanting me to go back with. That kind of a thing. But they claim that there is a civilization of these things that they communicate with. It was really freaky as hell. It was symbolic to them and we were just able to witness. Everybody was very very casual about it. The song "Ten Foot Pole" came together in the studio. We were talking about the trip and someone wanted to know about the chanting thing. Someone had heard about it. And I had indeed brought back one of the instruments we were fooling with and somebody said, "Hey, what's that?" and I said, "I really don't know. All I know is it sounds pretty strange." And we got to talking about how weird it was over there.

I was telling the story about how those people could call out this creature by chanting this language and they said, "Well, what was it you saw?" And I said, "I don't know but I wouldn't have touched it with a ten foot pole." And so, we just kind of developed it.

High Times: So that's what that mumbling is. I couldn't make out any words. It sounded like "Hey-gna Hey-gna Hey-gna..."

Gibbons: Yeah, it's just insane. I don't know if they'll appreciate my attempting to grab their rhythmic chanting, but maybe we'll

send them a copy and see what it will do.

High Times: Were you scared when you saw the thing?

Gibbons: It was kind of unsettling. I really wasn't sure about being in that part of the world anyway. I'm just an old guy that came from Texas to walk for, well, two weeks. I passed a guide that had carried a chest of drawers and four chairs for two hundred miles on his back with his friend. That's how they do it over there. There are no cars. I'm talking about really going way, way out there. There was a body that was in the ice and we don't know if he was shot or if he slipped and fell. All along the way there was just real strange vibes. The Nepalese government thought that we were smuggling and they had a couple of guys following us for a while. And they threw down on us one afternoon with their pistols and we couldn't speak and they held us up for two days. The whole trip was on edge. And yeah, to have wound up seeing this figure was somewhat unsettling.

There was actually an area known as Mustang that we could not get into because it's just too risky. It's one of the oldest trade routes from China down and it's really very precarious going. It's still the main route used to smuggle in you name it. And it is very dangerous to go up there. I understand that there's another monastery up there that is very similar to the one that we were going to... that has taken this a little farther.

So, I don't know. All the knowledge, it's very, very strange. Definitely going to be put down on the map. Go back and check that out.

High Times: How about "Party on the Patio?"

Gibbons: Oh, yeah. Very real experience. The people mentioned within that tune are still laughing about that night. "Connie's in the whirlpool, Jimmy's trying to be cool." Jimmy of Jimmy Vaughn and the Fabulous Thunderbirds. It just got out of hand one night. And I said, "Wait a minute, this calls for a tune."

It was right here in Texas and we were kind of tired from working. In fact, we had been writing, that week we were putting together some material. We were just enjoying it. And at the end of the week we were out driving around. We finished up and ran into some friends at a club and we were all going over to another friend's house who apparently was not in. And we said, "Hell with this. Let's just give the guard a wink and he'll let us through and we'll just do it anyway." And the damn thing went on all night long and as you know now some of those events can get... well on their way to being called out of hand. Your friendly local law-enforcement officers will step in to quell the rioting. So, yes, a very real party that

had a very real ending.

High Times: Who was in the bushes?

Gibbons: Libby, I believe. Wasn't she mentioned as being in the bushes because she's nobody's fool? She made her merry way back to Aspen, Colorado, and refuses to call any point within the state of Texas anymore after that event.

High Times: Was that in order to elude the police?

Gibbons: I believe she had that in mind.

High Times: How about "Groovy Little Hippy Pad"? I loved that one.

Gibbons: Ah, yeah. One of my favorites. I think Texas being the most red-necked state on the face of this planet probably produced the most radical hippies as well. And I don't know. There was a kinship between the times I spent in Tucson, Arizona, and it's a great town.

I love it out there. I was staying there, this was about 1978, and there was this mysterious blonde who drove a Jeep and was just absolutely gorgeous, and constantly wore a damn pistol on her side, and had a giant German shepherd—a shepherd or a husky. That was definitely the hippie, groovy earth-mama look. And, of course, all of those damn border towns from El Paso down to Laredo, Texas, and Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, Tucson, Douglas... all up and down it's just rife with scam traffic, if you will. And in the first line it says, "I'll work one hundred grams scammed from a border town and I'll be feeling glad." I don't know, we were just kind of summing up this feeling. You know, it's very real, that subculture outlook.

High Times: It's like the front cover photo, the picture of you guys getting busted in the desert for smuggling marijuana.

Gibbons: Yeah. We almost got away with that, I want you to know.

High Times: What do you mean?

Gibbons: Well, we were out there. That was... we were out in west Texas right outside of El Paso, right on the border. And that fine greenery attracted the attention of a guard who was watching the photographic proceedings with field glasses about maybe half a mile away or so and I want you to know that guy trudged at least a half a mile through the burning sand and threw down on us... and thought he had really captured somebody. And the photographer just did not quit firing, he thought that was hilarious. And finally the guy said, "Well, you guys are too weird for me, I'm getting out of here." So, there you have it.

High Times: Do you mean to tell me that guy on the cover is real?

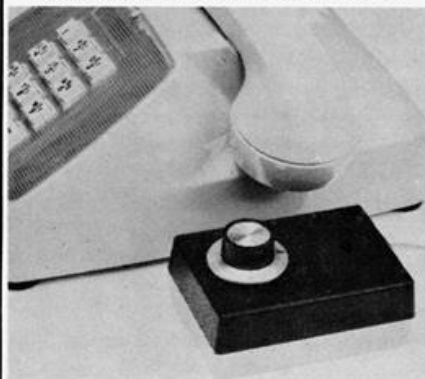
Gibbons: He is not only real but I'm keeping my distance from that neighborhood from now on. Oh, man. Wild business this show business. □

continued from page 76

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DAMON RUNYON

continued from page 43

morning newspaper employee and his predilections for the nocturnal life of the town, with its entertaining characters, had already conjoined by this time to create a life-style that was to keep Runyon away from the family nest, on the move "around and about" (as he put it in his stories and in his expense account vouchers). The Upper West Side apartments where he kept his family were home to him in name only. He actually kept personal housekeeping in a series of bachelor scatters closer to the Broadway mainstream.

He usually rose late, and attended to a thorough first meal of the day at Lindy's restaurant (called "Mindy's" in the Broadway stories), where he mixed freely with a regular clientele made up not only of such big names as Arnold Rothstein—the famous "high shot" and free-lance bankroller—but also a miscellaneous crowd of show people, petty gamblers and hustlers. These were, in his view, highly innovative, inventive people whose struggle to keep alive—by activities legal and illegal—made them worthy of interest. "What this fellow does," Damon once said of such an acquaintance, "is the best he can, but the field, being slightly overcrowded, is none too well. It's a very crowded profession today."

More of the same types, particularly those of the betting persuasion, could be found of an afternoon, taking the sun on the pavement outside ticket agent Mike Jacob's Broadway office—a stretch of concrete known locally as "Jacob's Beach." There Damon could be found rubbernecking, discussing odds on sporting events of the day, or simply putting in time "on the Erie"—as he called the deliberate act of listening in.

Some days in New York there was a ball game to cover; other days Runyon put in at the racetrack or doing the tour of the gyms, and evenings often found him alongside fight rings, pounding out his reports. There was always a story to file, and after that, the night beat opened out into dining on the town and making the circuit of the card and dice games, then later the drinking and dancing clubs. Damon rubbed shoulders amiably with gangsters who were proven to have hearts by the fact that they kept losing them to the chorus dancers. These chorus "dolls" were outfitted, to quote one Runyon story, in barely enough costume "to make a pad for a crutch"—and were often in real life sophisticated gold diggers.

The association of sex and crime in the nightclub era was blatant enough. This was the period of the new morality in America—a phenomenon which, many people suspected, was something the newspapers of the time invented in order to boost circulation. But in the nightclubs it was right there, out in the open. The half-naked dancing girls were wooed (and usually won) by men who had made their money in gambling, bootlegging and various rackets, in-

cluding such "dodges" as banking and the stock market. From Runyon's highly educated and hardheaded viewpoint (he'd seen firsthand evidence of bank swindling and Wall Street "bucket shops"), these latter activities were if anything even *more* corrupt than the illicit operations of the bootleggers, gamblers, et al.

As for the new morality, Damon Runyon had more opportunity to observe its violent fruits than most ordinary men, because of his position as the Hearst syndicate's number one trial reporter. No one could write a courtroom account with the swiftness, accuracy or descriptive color of Runyon, so every time some paramour or husband was bumped off in particularly sensational fashion, he was called into action. He became famous for his chilling portrait of Ruth Snyder, the "frosty blonde" who teamed up with a corset salesman to knock off her spouse. Reporting on this 1926 trial, Runyon compared the salesman's grip on the murder weapon—a sashweight—with the batting stance of Paul Waner, one of the most feared baseball hitters of the day. It was Runyon's somewhat cynical view that the public regarded murder as a very interesting kind of sport: "The Main Event," he called it.

Two years later, Runyon's own marriage ended, not quite as violently. The much-neglected Ellen Runyon had taken up drinking, while Damon had for years been carrying torches for a series of chorus dancers. The Runyons divorced in 1928. Ellen died in sad circumstances in 1931, the year before Damon remarried to Patrice Amati, an attractive Spanish dancer at the Silver Slipper nightclub.

Between marriages Runyon moved into the Hotel Forrest at 49th and Broadway, where for three years his penthouse suite and the hotel lobby became the classrooms for a sort of semipermanent Broadway seminar. In attendance were students from such fields as liquor distilling, betting commissions, racetrack management, fight management, wholesale clothing sales, boxing, acting and sportswriting. Professor Runyon, in residence, chaired the discussions. Between sessions, on his typewriter in the back room, he was working on a very important dissertation: a new kind of first-person narrative short story (5,000 words) with a classic twist ending, celebrating the guys and dolls of Broadway, describing their exploits for the masses in a purified present-tense tongue that was a very careful echo of their own, all to be carried off with a certain "half-boob air" (as the professor called it) of humorous but knowing detachment.

These were the early days of the Depression, when Runyon's free-lancing acquaintances were having to hustle harder than ever to keep alive. The repeal of Prohibition put thousands of underworld citizens out of work, and times were also hard even for legitimate citizens. From 1929 on, Runyon recorded the new surge of gangsterism created by what his narrator in the story "Breach of

Promise" calls "the unemployment situation." He chronicled, with safely approximate veracity, the kidnappings, the shootings, the safecrackings, the putting of people into sacks, the breaking and entering and the flinging of pineapples that exploded.

How did Runyon dig up all this material? By hanging around with hoods, big- and small-time varieties. He wasn't the only newspaperman of his time to do so. The Broadway gossip columnists, like Walter Winchell and Mark Hellinger, also cultivated extensive underworld connections. But whereas the gossip columnists were after "scoops" that could blossom into dangerous evidence—thereby possibly incriminating the sources—Runyon was after the kind of telling detail that made good fiction. He could emblazon the gangsters' legend on the pages of his stories, which pleased them plenty, without giving away anything that might make somebody's blood pressure go up. This allowed him to win the gangsters' trust, something the gossip columnists weren't able to do.

Runyon soon began publishing his tales written in the Hotel Forrest. *Cosmopolitan* took one, then demanded more, and finally ran dozens, all at the previously unheard of rate of a dollar a word. *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* also ran many of the guys and dolls stories, at the same price. Runyon, already Hearst's best-paid reporter, now began to make some *real* money.

The stories were published in books, beginning in 1931 with the collection called *Guys and Dolls*, and then over and over again in paperback editions, some of which sold into the millions of copies. By the mid '30s, Hollywood was buying up Runyon stories as fuel for popular gangster pictures. The studios bought 16 tales in all, at increasingly higher prices, and soon Runyon was traveling back and forth regularly between New York and Hollywood, where he pulled down \$2,000 a week contributing ideas and scripts. (Among the successful pictures to emerge from Runyon tales were Frank Capra's *Lady for a Day*, *The Lemon Drop Kid*, *Butch Minds the Baby* and, of course, *Guys and Dolls*.)

Throughout these years, Runyon maintained his column, which was now directed to subjects of general interest and syndicated across the country. He owned a stable of race horses, a pack of hunting dogs and a handful of heavyweight fighters, all of which were famous for consuming more in fodder than they earned. Runyon now dressed like a Broadway high shot, ate at the Colony, and lived with his second wife at the Parc Vendome, when they weren't in California or Florida—where Runyon had built a \$75,000 white villa across Miami Bay from the villa of his friend Al Capone.

Ironically, it was at the height of his success, in the early '40s, when his column was at its peak and his work in greater demand than ever at the movie studios, that Runyon contracted cancer of the throat. His larynx and trachea were surgically removed, leav-



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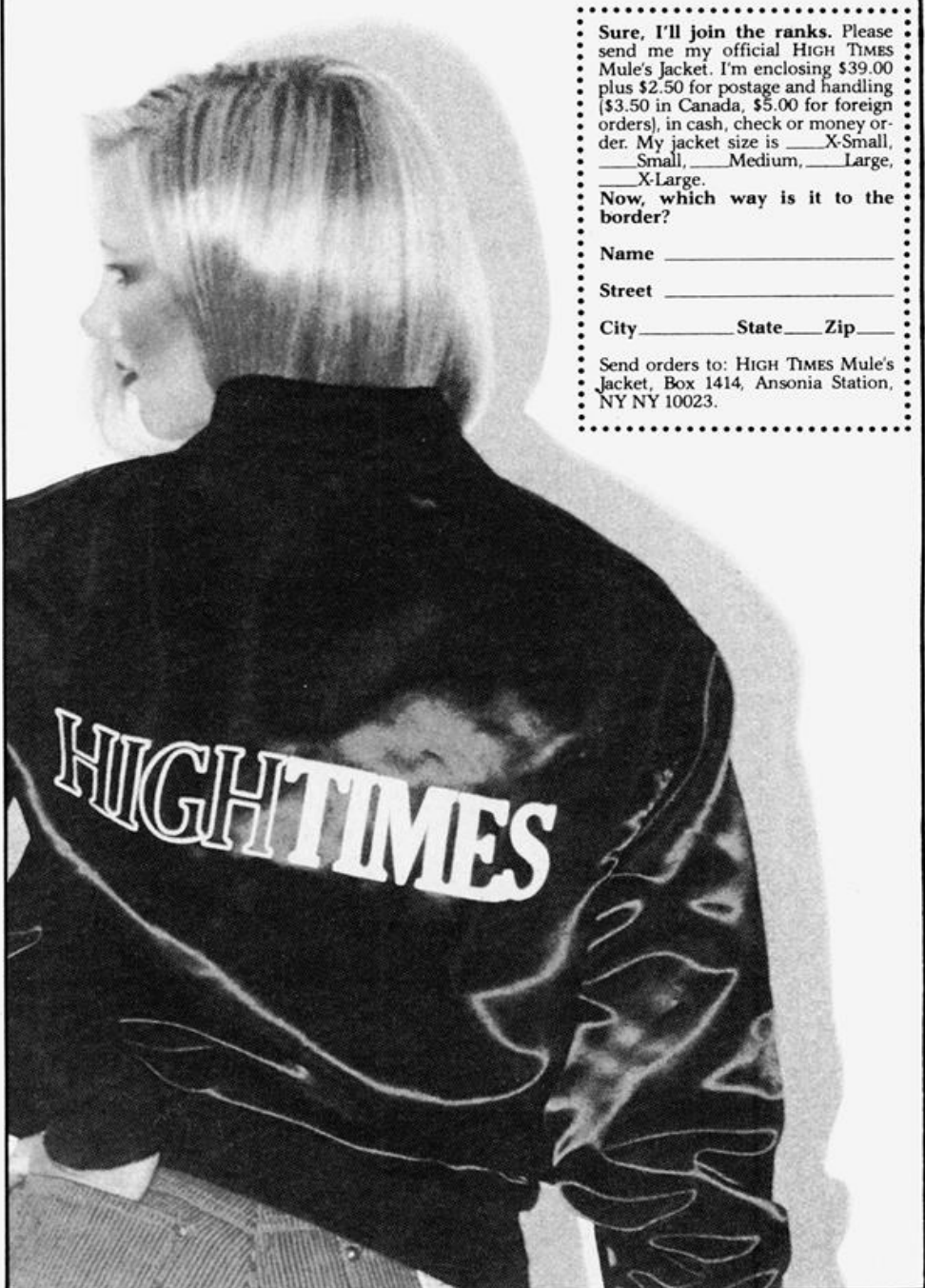
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ing him with metal pipes for eating and breathing. His wife divorced him and remarried to a younger man. Controlling an agony of remorse, Runyon awarded her a generous divorce settlement and eventually a large place in his will. He took a bachelor apartment in New York, spent much of his time at the Stork Club with old friends (he communicated on note pads, having lost his voice), and, despite his encroaching illness, went out every dawn to follow police calls in his friend Walter Winchell's automobile.

Runyon died in December 1946. In his friend's memory, Winchell founded the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, to which many well-known mob figures immediately contributed (Frank Costello gave \$25,000).

In accordance with Runyon's wish, his ashes were scattered over Broadway from an Eastern Airlines plane flown by Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, the World War I air ace, for whom, 30 years earlier, Damon had ghost-written some speeches. He'd also interviewed Rickenbacker a decade before *that*, when Eddie was in the race-car-driving game, and had written a sports page account of it. Those were only a few of the 60 million or so words that passed through the typewriter of reporter Runyon, who, to paraphrase one of his fellow Hearst columnists, Arthur J. "Bugs" Baer, would write you right out of the paper if you weren't careful.

Jimmy Cannon, the late sportswriter, was one of Runyon's chief disciples in the newspaper world. "One of the odd things about Damon," Cannon told an interviewer, "was that he was a very cultured man. He pretended he wasn't. He concealed his culture and much of his knowledge. I have no idea why—but I think Damon wanted to get as close to the people he wanted to write about as he could. He wrote about mugs because they were interesting people. Damon did things that were extraordinary for those times, and for these times. They talk about guys doing daring things. Well, Runyon's heroes were pimps and prostitutes and murderers. He treated them as human beings. That is now the style. He was one of the forerunners."

As Runyon's cartoonist-sportswriter colleague of the 1920s, Tad Dorgan, often said, Damon was a "ten-minute egg"—as hard-boiled as they come. His tough demeanor, those who knew him best agreed, was calculated to conceal his feelings, which seemed to have been damaged beyond repair at some very early date, back in his half-mythological Wild West boyhood. Even his friends often complained that no one ever got to know Damon Runyon well. Damon may or may not have preferred it that way. But no one who knew him disputes the fact that, as another sportswriter-crony, Bill Corum, said, Runyon had "great character and the inner courage of a lion," and that, in the words of Damon's own obit on the high roller Rothstein, "he died game." □



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BLOOD PRESSURE

continued from page 47

Dopey Goldberg, who takes to dealing the game and in no time he has Rusty Charley even by cheating in Rusty Charley's favor.

Personally, I do not pay much attention to the play but grab myself a few winks of sleep in a chair in the corner, and the rest seems to help my blood pressure no little. In fact, I am not noticing my blood pressure at all when Rusty Charley and I get out of Ikey the Pig's, because I figure Charley will let me go home and I can go to bed. But although it is six o'clock, and coming on broad daylight when we leave Ikey's, Charley is still full of zing, and nothing will do him but we must go to a joint that is called the Bohemian Club.

Well, this idea starts my blood pressure going again, because the Bohemian Club is nothing but a deadfall where guys and dolls go when there is positively no other place in town open, and it is run by a guy by the name of Knife O'Halloran, who comes from down around Greenwich Village and is considered a very bad character. It is well known to one and all that a guy is apt to lose his life in Knife O'Halloran's any night, even if he does nothing more than drink Knife O'Halloran's liquor.

But Rusty Charley insists on going there, so naturally I go with him; and at first everything is very quiet and peaceful, except that a lot of guys and dolls in evening clothes, who wind up there after being in the night clubs all night, are yelling in one corner of the joint. Rusty Charley and Knife O'Halloran are having a drink together out of a bottle which Knife carries in his pocket, so as not to get it mixed up with the liquor he sells his customers, and are cutting up old touches of the time when they run with the Hudson Dusters together, when all of a sudden in comes four coppers in plain clothes.

Now these coppers are off duty and are meaning no harm to anybody, and are only wishing to have a dram or two before going home, and the chances are they will pay no attention to Rusty Charley if he minds his own business, although of course they know who he is very well indeed and will take great pleasure in putting the old sleeve on him if they only have a few charges against him, which they do not. So they do not give him a tumble. But if there is one thing Rusty Charley hates it is a copper, and he starts eyeing them from the minute they sit down at a table, and by and by I hear him say to Knife O'Halloran like this:

"Knife," Charley says, "what is the most beautiful sight in the world?"

"I do not know, Charley," Knife says. "What is the most beautiful sight in the world?"

"Four dead coppers in a row," Charley says.

Well, at this I personally ease myself over toward the door, because I never wish to have any trouble with coppers, and especially with four coppers, so I do not see

everything that comes off. All I see is Rusty Charley grabbing at the big foot which one of the coppers kicks at him, and then everybody seems to go into a huddle, and the guys and dolls in evening dress start squawking, and my blood pressure goes up to maybe a million.

I get outside the door, but I do not go away at once as anybody with any sense will do, but stand there listening to what is going on inside, which seems to be nothing more than a loud noise like ker-bump, ker-bump, ker-bump. I am not afraid there will be any shooting, because as far as Rusty Charley is concerned he is too smart to shoot any coppers, which is the worst thing a guy can do in this town, and the coppers are not likely to start any blasting because they will not wish it to come out that they are in a joint such as the Bohemian Club off duty. So I figure they will all just take it out in pulling and hauling.

Finally the noise inside dies down, and by and by the door opens and out comes Rusty Charley, dusting himself off here and there with his hands and looking very much pleased, indeed, and through the door before it flies shut again I catch a glimpse of a lot of guys stretched out on the floor. Furthermore, I can still hear guys and dolls hollering.

"Well, well," Rusty Charley says, "I am commencing to think you take the wind on me, and am just about to get mad at you, but here you are. Let us go away from this joint, because they are making so much noise inside you cannot hear yourself think. Let us go to my joint and make my old woman cook us up some breakfast, and then we can catch some sleep. A little ham and eggs will not be bad to take right now."

Well, naturally ham and eggs are appealing to me no little at this time, but I do not care to go to Rusty Charley's joint. As far as I am personally concerned, I have enough of Rusty Charley to do me a long, long time, and I do not care to enter into his home life to any extent whatever, although to tell the truth I am somewhat surprised to learn he has any such life. I believe I do once hear that Rusty Charley marries one of the neighbors' children, and that he lives somewhere over on Tenth Avenue in the Forties, but nobody really knows much about this, and everybody figures if it is true his wife must lead a terrible dog's life.

But while I do not wish to go to Charley's joint I cannot very well refuse a civil invitation to eat ham and eggs, especially as Charley is looking at me in a very much surprised way because I do not seem so glad and I can see that it is not everyone that he invites to his joint. So I thank him, and say there is nothing I will enjoy more than ham and eggs such as his old woman will cook for us, and by and by we are walking along Tenth Avenue up around Forty-fifth Street.

It is still fairly early in the morning, and business guys are opening up their joints for the day, and little children are skipping along the sidewalks going to school and laughing tee-hee, and old dolls are shaking



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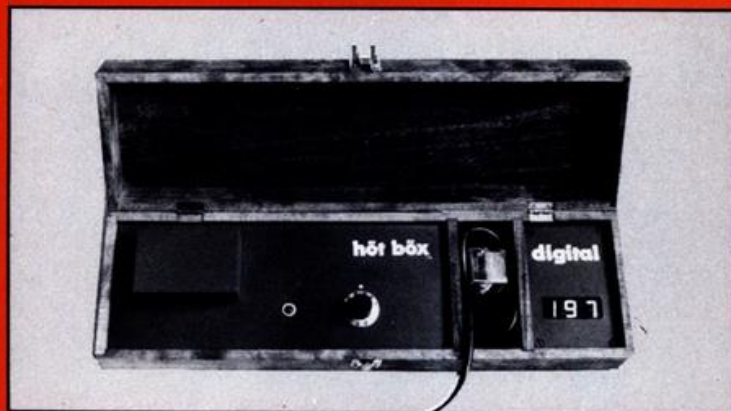
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bedclothes and one thing and another out of the windows of the tenement houses, but when they spot Rusty Charley and me everybody becomes very quiet, indeed, and I can see that Charley is greatly respected in his own neighborhood. The business guys hurry into their joints, and the little children stop skipping and tee-heeing and go tip-toeing along, and the old dolls yank in their noodles, and a great quiet comes to the street. In fact, about all you can hear is the heels of Rusty Charley and me hitting on the sidewalk.

There is an ice wagon with a couple of horses hitched to it standing in front of a store, and when he sees the horses Rusty Charley seems to get a big idea. He stops and looks the horses over very carefully, although as far as I can see they are nothing but horses, and big and fat, and sleepy-looking horses, at that. Finally Rusty Charley says to me like this:

"When I am a young guy," he says, "I am a very good puncher with my right hand, and often I hit a horse on the skull with my fist and knock it down. I wonder," he says, "if I lose my punch. The last copper I hit back there gets up twice on me."

Then he steps up to one of the ice-wagon horses and hauls off and biffs it right between the eyes with a right-hand smack that does not travel more than four inches, and down goes old Mister Horse to his knees looking very much surprised, indeed. I see many a hard puncher in my day, including Dempsey when he really can punch, but I never see a harder punch than Rusty Charley gives this horse.

Well, the ice-wagon driver comes busting out of the store all heated up over what happens to his horse, but he cools out the minute he sees Rusty Charley, and goes on back into the store leaving the horse still taking a count, while Rusty Charley and I keep walking. Finally we come to the entrance of a tenement house that Rusty Charley says is where he lives, and in front of this house is a wop with a push cart loaded with fruit and vegetables and one thing and another, which Rusty Charley tips over as we go into the house, leaving the wop yelling very loud, and maybe cussing us in wop for all I know. I am very glad, personally, we finally get somewhere, because I can feel that my blood pressure is getting worse every minute I am with Rusty Charley.

We climb two flights of stairs, and then Charley opens a door and we step into a room where there is a pretty little red-headed doll about knee high to a flivver, who looks as if she may just get out of the hay, because her red hair is flying around every which way on her head, and her eyes seem still gummed up with sleep. At first I think she is a very cute sight, indeed, and then I see something in her eyes that tells me this doll, whoever she is, is feeling very hostile to one and all.

"Hello, tootsie," Rusty Charley says. "How about some ham and eggs for me and my pal here? We are all tired out going around and about."

Well, the little red-headed doll just looks

at him without saying a word. She is standing in the middle of the floor with one hand behind her, and all of a sudden she brings this hand around, and what does she have in it but a young baseball bat, such as kids play ball with, and which cost maybe two bits; and the next thing I know I hear something go ker-bap, and I can see she smacks Rusty Charley on the side of the noggin with the bat.

Naturally I am greatly horrified at this business, and figure Rusty Charley will kill her at once, and then I will be in a jam for witnessing the murder and will be held in jail several years like all witnesses to anything in this man's town; but Rusty Charley only falls into a big rocking-chair in a corner of the room and sits there with one hand to his head, saying, "Now hold on, tootsie," and "Wait a minute there, honey." I recollect hearing him say, "We have company for breakfast," and then the little red-headed doll turns on me and gives me a look such as I will always remember, although I smile at her very pleasant and mention it is a nice morning.

Finally she says to me like this:

"So you are the trambo who keeps my husband out all night, are you, you trambo?" she says, and with this she starts for me, and I start for the door; and by this time my blood pressure is all out of whack, because I can see that Mrs. Rusty Charley is excited more than somewhat. I get my hand on the knob and just then something hits me alongside the noggin, which I afterward figure must be the baseball bat, although I remember having a sneaking idea the roof caves in on me.

How I get the door open I do not know; because I am very dizzy in the head and my legs are wobbling, but when I think back over the situation I remember going down a lot of steps very fast, and by and by the fresh air strikes me, and I figure I am in the clear. But all of a sudden I feel another strange sensation back of my head and something goes plop against my noggin, and I figure at first that maybe my blood pressure runs up so high that it squirts out the top of my bean. Then I peek around over my shoulder just once to see that Mrs. Rusty Charley is standing beside the wop peddler's cart snatching fruit and vegetables of one kind and another off the cart and chucking them at me.

But what she hits me with back of the head is not an apple, or a peach, or a rutabaga, or a cabbage, or even a casaba melon, but a brickbat that the wop has on his cart to weight down the paper sacks in which he sells his goods. It is this brickbat which makes a lump on the back of my head so big that Doc Brennan thinks it is a tumor when I go to him the next day about my stomach, and I never tell him any different.

"But," Doc Brennan says, when he takes my blood pressure again, "your pressure is down below normal now, and as far as it is concerned you are in no danger whatever. It only goes to show what just a little bit of quiet living will do for a guy," Doc Brennan says. "Ten bucks, please," he says. □



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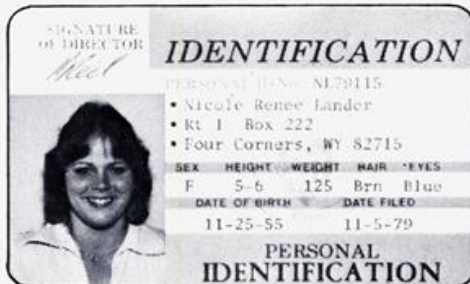
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DOPE HISTORY 101

continued from page 58

sta fighting for dope is poignantly captured by the words of the soldiers' traditional song, "La Carmen Vega":

*Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye—Quandos tornados?
Beefomo di-lingual pirana dudu,
Plinkato, tomado hey fuckal ucktoo.*

Which, when translated into proper English, reads:

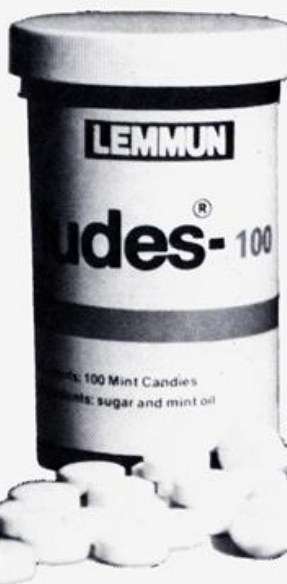
*Oyez, Oyez, Oyez—At what time is it that I will get off?
I want to sing, dance with vegetables and give advice to a dolphin's mom,
Who's to know my fat wife, Quinella, has gratuitous organs?*

One of the greatest drug stories of the 20th century came out of Egypt, the land where the Great Pyramids have mystified humanity for thousands of years. For most of those millennia, there have been those who believed that the philosopher's stone, which held the secret to transforming base metals into gold, was hidden deep inside a pyramid. The existence of the magical catalyst was proven in 1943, when archeologists succeeded in penetrating the central throne room of the great Cheops pyramid. There they found the philosopher's stone—a perfectly preserved 4,500-year-old dry martini with olive—stirred, not shaken.

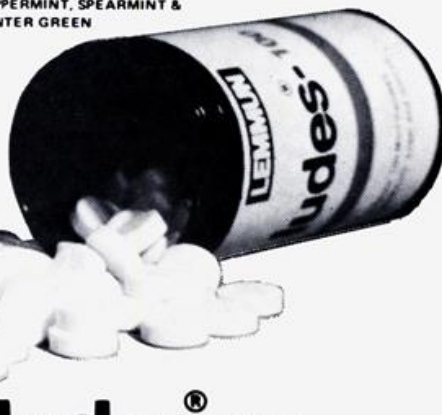
There has been a glut of idle speculation concerning a purported proliferation of dope in the United States in the period 1960 to 1990. Any scholar worth his methamphetamine salts will tell you there is absolutely no evidence to support such irresponsible contentions. The plain truth is there appears to have been a complete drug drought throughout this period. In fact, the first known reference to drugs in the United States in the latter half of the century occurred in 1992, and it describes the celebrations that followed the announcement of the legalization of all drugs. The rare "videotape" (which somehow miraculously survived the Los Angeles freebase riots of 2109) shows that on the "Tonight" show of August 6, 1992, the entire cast and crew reveled in a bacchanal of drugs to mark the repeal of dope prohibition. Of particular interest on the tape was one jocular, rotund fellow of about 70 years, who laughed wildly while crushing a huge knob of sinsemilla onto the top of a shoebox and loudly exclaimed, "Man, oh man, there's nothing that beats breaking open a fresh bud."

The first new drug fad to develop in the dope-liberated United States started around 1995, when an ex-high school gym coach named Jocko Laharey introduced a line of fast foods fortified with sex hormones. Laharey had amassed a fortune from the sales of his 1992-93 best-seller *Brown's Guide to Fish Massage*. The most successful of Laharey's food lines was the "HE-Man" frozen dinners, which were advertised with the slogan: "Something a man can sink his teeth

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The 21st century has not been a fun time for drug abuse. In addition to the aforementioned freebase riots, in 2027, as part of secret CIA-Army experiments, Dr. Elmo Nightshade developed a drug that immediately gave the subject the power of astral projection at will. The chemical, which was dubbed "astrodome," generated enormous optimism in the Pentagon. Seasoned generals were positively a-twitter at the thought of an allied army of ethereal stormtroopers; however, a scandal ensued when a barrel of the chemical was diverted from Army stores and sold on the streets of Bethesda, Maryland.

Kids took to astrodome with a passion and soon bootleg chemists were mixing up vats of the stuff. The results were disastrous. Often combining astrodome with Quaaludes and/or cheap wine, young users would turn into raucous souls careening through the atmosphere, smashing into each other, wailing and puking up protoplasm. It was not a very pretty sight and the phenomenon threatened to reach epidemic proportions. Ultrastrict enforcement and the selective liquidation of maverick chemists has brought production of the drug to a virtual halt, although it is rumored that the Groin Police employ an astrodome derivative in their Nocturnal Practices patrols.

The course of humanity, and the solar system, I might add, was forever altered in 2147, when it was reported that smoking Mars can get people very high. Before the story was found out to be a massive hoax, a consortium of Florida entrepreneurs cut the red planet into 100-pound rectangular pieces.

Well, we all know what happened next. The ultimate drug: black holes. In the words of Alpha Kerri, noted black-hole aficionado, "Talk about wasted. A trip through one of these is like putting your ground brain cells into a Melitta and pouring boiling LSD over them, Toots!"

July 15, 2158. An underfinanced mule attempted to smuggle a ragged suitcase full of small black holes into New York's Steinbrenner Spaceport. The shoddy case burst, the black holes escaped—and the earth has hurtled wildly through space and time. One minute, the pinnacle of success—a thriving, popular planet right in the middle of the galaxy (what a view!). The next minute, the earth was bounced to its current less-than-enviable position out in the godforsaken boondocks of Nova Jersianus.

Of course, New York City itself vanished from the face of the earth as a result of the accident. Its buildings intact, its people no more dead (to the eye) than before the incident, the ill-fated city now seems doomed to wander the lonely cosmos on its own, its orbit bringing it close to earth only once every 400 years. But it all hasn't worked out so badly—as they say, New York is a nice place to have visit, but we wouldn't want it to live here. □



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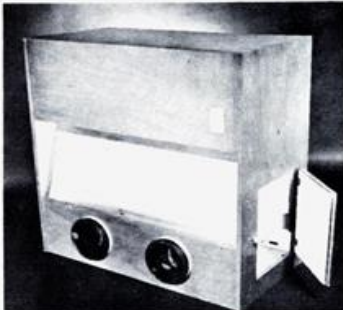
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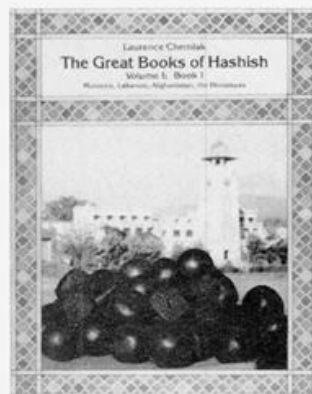
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CONNOISSEUR

continued from page 16

lowed the subtle undertones of the psychoactive substances to glow through. I like subtle undertones. Overtones too. Harmonics and counterpoint. I had expected to be blasted out of my seat, but I was pleasantly surprised by the complexity and subtlety of the smoke. Peter Greenstreet's grim rap about the sheer power of the single toke had undersold the overtones. So far I liked it better than some of the mind-blasting sinsemillas that knock you unconscious with a single puff. I like consciousness myself. I like grass that spices up consciousness, makes it more alive and receptive rather than punches it out. I liked the first puff so much I greedily dragged in another—yes, I took that forbidden second puff Sydney had warned against. It was then I began to feel the volcanic tremors in my veins.

Eight hours later they finally began to subside. What a weird ride. It was certainly unlike any grass the Connoisseur had come upon in many, many moons. It was not strong in the conventional way, didn't come on like other strong grass with a cardiopulmonary leap of exultation and flood of sweetness. No, it seemed to glow and grow on a more massive scale throughout the entire fabric of the body. The entire fabric of Being itself seemed illuminated from within in a special way, the entire Ground of Being seemed to shift in a massive geologic way. This was a more ancient energy, a time-burnished wisdom being whispered through the corridors of the cortex, not the usual blast of numbness through the brain. I began to like it, but along about the second hour I began to realize that two puffs were too much. By the third hour I began to wonder whether one puff was one puff too much.

The only thing I can compare the feeling to is some sense of slow centuries of molten lava inexorably exerting trillions of tons of pressure to force itself inch by inch toward the surface miles above. I never got the feeling of volcanic explosiveness that Sydney Lorre had built me up for. Instead, what I got was the experience of *buildup*, of the growth of interior forces beyond the power of the globe itself to contain. There was a kind of Grand Coulee Dam vastness and grandeur to the perspective on power it gave you, an experience of the interior forces of the earth itself that was positively trippy.

But still, I finally wondered after eight hours exhaustion: Was this grass *too* strong? Are we making a crude mistake if we keep up this childish macho game of "this is the strongest," "this will blast you, paralyze you, knock you dead"? (Come now, fellow connoisseurs, don't you think it's time we looked for grass that is funnier, sexier, spicier, subtler rather than merely stronger? Maybe some Hawaiian grown on Groucho Marx's grave blended with some Thai from the topsoil that covers Marilyn Monroe. I'd be willing to try a toke of that. □

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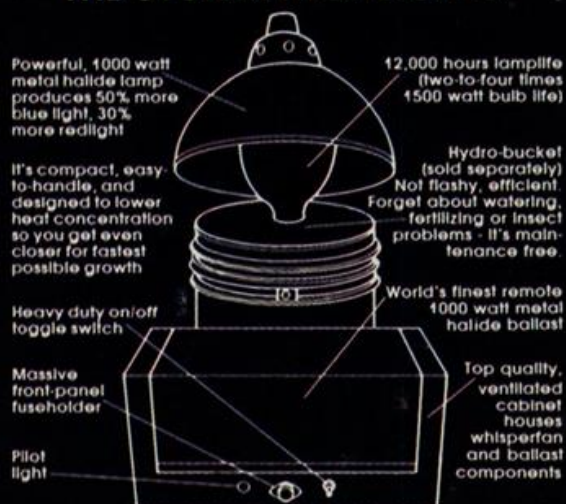
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